THE

METROPOLITAN.

FEBRUARY 1833.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the important article on the "British Peerage," which will appear in our next Number.

Several Communications are lying at our Publishers.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT DISCONTENTS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.

In the selection of the title which is assumed for the present appeal to the consideration of my countrymen, I am not actuated by the vanity of supposing that it can offer any claims to attention from resemblance in its characteristics to the celebrated production, which, under a similar name commanded, more than half a century back, so large a portion of public admiration; but while it appears more aptly to designate my object, than any other that has occurred to me, I confess I am not entirely unaffected by the possibility, that through the influence of an association produced even by a name, my unpretending "Thoughts" may obtain attention, where, under a different garb, they would in vain seek admission. At the hazard, therefore, of being taunted with verifying the fable, I venture to assume the lion's skin.

Nor indeed, while aware of the probability that I shall render myself obnoxious to sarcastic remark, can I be altogether insensible to some positive advantages accruing from recalling to the recollection of my readers, in the outset of my appeal, the general structure of Burke's composition. His perspicuous exposition of the difficulties attendant on an examination into the causes of public disorders, and of the hazards involved in such an examination, is sufficient to secure indulgence for imperfection, if not to obtain impunity for failure. His spirited vindication of the right, nay, the duty of private investigation of public distractions, supersedes the necessity of apology for an humble individual "stepping a little out of his ordinary sphere." And the lofty and constitutional tone of his principles is so well calculated to elevate the mind, that he who engages in similar speculations, impelled only by an earnest desire to elicit the truth, and animated by a resolute determination to record it, may well invite a reference to his work as the best preparative for candid inquiry and independent conclusion, notwithstanding the disadvantage of comparison with taste so purely refined, and composition so classically elegant.

In treating of the public discontents of his day, Burke possessed an important facility which cannot be rendered equally available to the investigation of those which at present prevail. The political state of the country enabled him, with much at least of the semblance of truth, to trace the prevalent dissatisfactions to one single cause. The usurpation of all the powers of government by a court cabal, unchecked by the safeguard of ministerial responsibility, constituted in his estimation, and is attempted with much ingenuity to be proved in his reasonings, the sole cause of all the disorders then existing in the state. But this assumption of power could never, as he himself admits, have existed without the unconstitutional connivance of a House of Commons, no longer the real representatives of the people, or the guardians of their rights. This, then, was the real and fundamental cause of the evil, and, though long delayed, the

crisis it could not fail to produce, has at length arrived. The executive government being exempted from the control of the popular branch of the legislature, the representative body itself has been progressively corrupted by the application of those very abuses to which its criminal connivance had given rise. Hence, the system of corruption acting and re-acting between the legislature and the executive during the sixty years that have elapsed since Burke held up to exposure and reprobation the original cause of the evil, we are no longer permitted to contemplate its effects in the limited sphere in which they were presented to his observation, but a complication of disorders has been produced, political, fiscal, financial, commercial, and domestic, which have not only diffused discontent more universally, but have rendered the detection of its immediate causes so subtle as to elude partial observation, and their removal so difficult as to defy the application of ordinary remedies.

It requires, indeed, no slight persuasion of the restorative capabilities of the British constitution, no little reliance on the energies of the British nation, no limited conception of its resources, to be able to contemplate without despondency the magnitude of the difficulties and the universality of the discontents now prevailing. After seventeen years of peace, the annual expenditure of the country greatly exceeding that of any period of any war preceding the last—all Europe teeming with elements of discord and rancorous strife, threatening the stability of pacific relations with foreign powers—the population of the sister kingdom, excited to frenzy by desperate agitators, with suicidal madness demanding the dissolution of their political connexion with Britain, and threatening rebellion as the consequence of refusal—colonies ready to throw off their allegiance in opposition to a dictation indiscreetly attempted by a government which is compelled to retract the regulations it has itself promulgated—agriculture depressed—commerce declining—navigation decaying—pauperism and crime increasing—aristocratic infatuation on the one side madly contending against the just demands of an intelligent people for a reformation of unquestionable abuses, and revolutionary wickedness on the other striving to set physical force in array against legitimate authority, for the destruction of property and the subversion of all that is valuable in the institutions of the country. This is a melancholy, but I fear not an exaggerated picture. Whence have such disorders arisen, and where is the remedy to be sought?

I have already referred to the admission made by Burke, while ascribing the discontents of his day to the abuses of power by a court cabal, that this assumption itself could not have been effected without a previous corruption of the system of representation of the people in parliament. He says, indeed, in express terms, that "a restoration of the right of free election is a *preliminary* indispensable to every other reformation." This preliminary triumph is at length, (as I conscientiously believe,) wisely and safely achieved; but in order to reap its fruits, in extrication from the almost countless difficulties with which we are surrounded, it is indispensable that the proximate causes of the evils by which discontent is stimulated, and in a great degree justified, should be closely traced and accurately defined.

Of these evils, it will, I think, be conceded, that the enormous pressure of taxation occupies the foremost rank, both in its actual results on the interests of the nation, and as a fertile source of universal dissatisfaction. To meet a state taxation, annually amounting, after every effort to economize alleged to have been made by successive administrations, to the enormous sum of more than fifty millions, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures are crippled—industry, enterprize, and ingenuity paralyzed—the luxuries of the rich and the comforts of the poor abridged—and the cost of living raised so far above the level of that cost in other countries, that the opulent withdraw from the land which furnishes their wealth, increasing by the abstraction of their expenditure the pressure on those who remain, and the indigent, unable to obtain subsistence in a country abounding in all that can contribute to supply the necessities, the conveniences, and the luxuries of life, are driven to seek in foreign climes that scope for the exercise of industry and that reward for its exertion which the providence of God designed for them, but the improvidence of man has debarred them from obtaining in their native land. Yet it is not the cost of maintaining our existing establishments, immense as they are, that constitutes the bulk of our enormous expenditure, or the prolific source of popular discontent. The burthen that presses with most deadening weight on the national resources is the debt incurred by the boundless and reckless extravagance of former wars, and the dissatisfaction arises from the growing conviction that whatever advantage was derived from those wars was reaped by the few in the accumulation of wealth and the security of property, while to the many of succeeding generations was bequeathed the task of surmounting difficulties they had not created, and of discharging debts they had not incurred. Of fifty-one millions of revenue raised during the last year, of which four millions and a half were absorbed in charges of collection, less than eighteen millions sufficed for the payment of the army, navy, civil list, foreign and domestic establishments, and every ordinary disbursement of the state; while no less than twenty-eight millions and a half were appropriated to the demands of the public creditor, to whom the faith of the nation is considered inviolably pledged.* The proportion of national expenditure to which retrenchment can be applied is thus reduced within narrow limits, while the enormous amount which is insusceptible of reduction is viewed with jealousy by tax-payers, who contend that they have no participation in the benefit of their contributions, and would embrace with avidity any specious plea for getting rid of a burthen which is increasingly regarded as little better than an unjust exaction.

This review of the extent of the national engagements is sufficiently discouraging; but as if gratuitously to aggravate the pressure, the very genius of empiricism seems to have presided over the financial and commercial destinies of the empire. By the application to our monetary system of the crude notions which shallow pretenders have mistaken for principles, the burthen of taxation has been greatly increased; by the rash and injudicious experiments of theoretic econo-

* Finance accounts, 1831.

mists on the complex relations of our commerce, the national capability of supporting that burthen has been greatly diminished. The value of the currency was compulsorily depreciated, and its amount artificially extended while debt was contracted. Its value is raised to a pedantic standard, and its circulation compulsorily contracted when that debt is to be discharged. The cost of domestic production is forcibly raised by taxes and restrictions imposed on the producer, while his protection is reduced or withdrawn, and he is doomed to struggle in his own markets with an unburthened foreign competitor. My limits will not permit me fully to unravel the ingenious web in which sophistry has contrived to envelope the plain conclusions of common sense, or to expose effectually the fallacies, in maintenance of which so many volumes of learned lore have been composed, and so much parliamentary eloquence displayed. But, as among the causes of discontent, distress will ever hold a prominent place, and as I firmly believe that the existing distress, with its consequent portion of discontent, has been partly produced and greatly aggravated by the impolitic measures that have been adopted with respect to the currency, and by the rash attempts that have been made to force the abstractedly wise and benevolent doctrines of free trade into impolitic application to a very peculiar and exceptive case of complex commercial relation, I shall not require apology for some observations on these important questions.

I believe I shall be justified by the concurrent testimony of every authority, with the exception of that of the House of Commons, in its celebrated resolutions of 1811, on the motion of Mr. Vansittart,* in assuming that by the Bank Restriction Act of 1796, the circulating medium of the country was considerably increased in quantity and correspondently depreciated in value. The precise extent of this depreciation it is not material accurately to define; but it may with good reason be assumed to have been no less than thirty per cent.† In this deteriorated currency, loans were contracted, to meet the charges of maintaining a war of unexampled cost and duration, by which, during the twenty-two years of its continuance, upwards of five hundred millions sterling were added to the national debt, which at its conclusion in 1815, had reached the enormous amount of nearly eight hundred millions. During this long period, the metallic standard of value had become obsolete, and private engagements keeping pace with the magnitude of public liabilities, leases were entered into, debts contracted, annuities granted, and all those numerous arrangements for fixed pecuniary payments made, which are consequent on a highly artificial state of society: the whole monetary relations of that society becoming based on the deteriorated standard of value. Assuredly, by the adoption of the Act which produced this depreciation,

* "That the promissory notes of the Bank of England have hitherto been, and are at this time, held in public estimation to be equivalent to the legal coin of the realm, and generally accepted as such in all pecuniary transactions to which such coin is lawfully applicable." In the same year, an Act passed for the punishment of those who should sell a guinea for more, or pay a bank note for less, than its denominative amount."—Graham, p. 114.

† Corn and Currency, p. 82.

a fraud was committed on every creditor in the nation, as gross as if the coin of the realm had been debased by legislative authority; nor have I ever doubted that, in a national point of view, the evils that would have resulted even from a suspension of the payments of the Bank in 1796, would have been far less than those which have actually been consequent on the measures adopted to avert that catastrophe. But this is not the question—whether wisely, or unwisely, Parliament had decided the system; and all the multiplied engagements continually taking place between man and man, had adapted themselves to it. As an inevitable consequence, prices rose; and with nominal prices, nominal income in every department of society. Taxation, though actually enormous in amount, pressed comparatively lightly; for its weight must always be estimated on relative, not on absolute considerations. Men grew rich, they knew not how. The purchase of to-day had to-morrow attained an increased value. The suspension of the commerce of other nations gave accelerated impulse to our own. War itself, its horrors viewed only at a distance, offered slight shock to humanity, and almost ceased to be regarded as a scourge; and, instead of appearing at the time as a drain on the national resources, which would have been the inevitable result of the imposition of taxes to meet annual expenditure, the ingenious device of mortgaging the productive industry of succeeding generations for the repayment of loans, caused that expenditure to become a mere vehicle for the enrichment of individuals and classes, by the accumulation in their hands of claims which future generations were to discharge. Above all, and in immediate reference to the question from which the preceding review has led to a slight digression, not only was the forcible introduction of an intrinsically worthless currency, inductive of reckless and prodigal extravagance, by the facility it afforded for the unlimited production of the means by which that extravagance was to be supported, but it revolutionized the relative value of money and commodities, raising the latter to a standard only to be maintained as long as a compulsory excess of circulation should be continued. Year after year, however, it did continue; and while the nation borrowed its millions, stipulating for the allowance of annuities, redeemable only by the payment of an amount frequently double that of the loan received, individuals followed the example, and all the engagements of society lapsed into the existing monetary system. That under a renewal of intercourse with the rest of the world, such a system could be beneficially, or even with safety permanently pursued, I am far from affirming or believing; but vicious as it was in its origin and its tendencies, the evils of a hasty retrocession were immeasurably greater than those of its first adoption. The latter produced illusory wealth; the former has led to real impoverishment. With the return of peace, followed the competition of other nations in the trade of the world, and the destruction of the monopoly we had long enjoyed, of the supply of various articles of manufactures and colonial produce. To retain by all expedients, and at all hazards, our foreign trade—to stimulate and even to extend our manufacturing system, became the leading object of policy with British statesmen; and in evil hour, adopting the

false notion, that this visionary project could be attained by low prices, and in utter ignorance or disregard of the miseries which the precipitate adoption of such a measure would inflict, a return to cash payments at the antiquated standard was enacted, and a considerable portion of our paper circulation compulsorily annihilated.

Simultaneously with the forcible contraction of the currency, occasioned by the resumption of cash payments, and the prohibition of one-pound notes, a cause was in silent, but progressive operation, which tended greatly to aggravate the pressure of that contraction. The supply of the precious metals for the purpose of coin, has been for a series of years continually decreasing. It may be fairly believed, that the champions of our monetary changes—the men who, in pursuit of the "stern path of duty," overlooked or disregarded the monstrous evil, and the flagrant injustice of placing our currency "on a solid basis," without any preliminary arrangement for the discharge of public and private obligation in the unsubstantial currency in which it had been contracted, were not aware of this fact, or of the extent to which it applied. It was, however, suspected, and by the recent investigations of Mr. Jacob has been placed beyond dispute. According to the opinion of this intelligent writer, a diminution has taken place during the twenty years from 1809 to 1829, of no less than *one-sixth part* of the coin of Europe and America;* and as, within the same period, the population of Great Britain has increased *nearly one-third*, and the importation of every important article of consumption has throughout advanced in a degree almost incredible, demanding a proportionate addition to the circulating medium of exchange, the effect of these combined contractions where expansion was so imperatively demanded, may well be imagined. It was indeed tremendous—prices, interest, profits, wages, fell.† Taxes for payment of the interest of the national debt, rents, mortgages, annuities, engagements for fixed money payments of every description, alone remained unaltered. An eminent writer,‡ in describing the change, terms it "a legislative contrivance for diminishing the returns of the productive industry of the country, and at the same time increasing the charges on it, public as well as private." That the public charges have been in effect so increased, we have the testimony of a no less eminent journalist,§ who remarks, "The taxes reckoned in goods, which is the only sure way of knowing their cost to the producers of goods, by whom they are paid, are *nearly twice as high* at the end of sixteen years of peace, as they were at the close of as long a war." Discontent will usually be found the concomitant of national distress, even when that distress is the result of unavoidable causes; but when its prevalence may in so great a degree be traced to incapacity or injustice, can it be matter of surprise that the people, on whom the consequences of misgovernment fall, should re-

* Historical Enquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals.

† I am fully aware that it is usually maintained, that when wages are high, profits must be low, and *vice versâ*; but, like many other theoretic dogmas, this, if abstractedly true, is susceptible of great modification.

‡ P. Scrope—Currency Question freed from Mystery.

§ Quarterly Review, July 1832, p. 418.

pine, or that they should anxiously seek the composition of a legislature, constituted in closer sympathy with their interests and their feelings?

Nor is the preceding reasoning materially affected by the consideration that the loss sustained by one portion of the community is balanced by a correspondent advantage reaped by another. Unquestionably the gain to mortgagees, annuitants, creditors holding securities, and above all, to the national creditor, by the rise in the value of money consequent on the resumption of cash payments, was enormous. But the numerical proportion of such receivers is inconsiderable. The aggregation of property into masses has long been a complaint against our system, and the change in question accelerated its concentration. The capitalist derived the benefit, and will defend the measure, but his interested opinion kicks the beam when weighed in the scale against the general dissatisfaction of the multitudes, who perceive themselves impoverished by the very means through which his store is augmented. And if it be admitted, as I think it has been proved, that while the income even of the labourer has been diminished by this cause, the pressure of the payments made by the whole mass of the population in direct and indirect taxation has been increased, I am justified in the conclusion, that the changes in the currency have been a prolific source of the present discontents.

I cannot close this part of the subject without expressing my conviction of the perfect inutility of straining after low prices as the only means of stimulating foreign commerce. If Great Britain exchange her hardware for the cottons of America, the only question of real importance to either country, is the quantity of the produce of the labour of the other received in exchange for her own. The standard in which the nominal value is measured is immaterial, because it applies equally to sales and to purchases. If, in the case I have supposed, the hardware of England should be doubled in cost to the American purchaser, by an extension of the circulation, he would not, in consequence, be driven to seek another market for his supplies, because the operation of the same cause would double the proceeds of the sale of his cottons remitted in payment. Domestic expenditure would alone be affected, to the manifest advantage of all payers of taxes, that is, of the community at large. I think it may indeed be safely pronounced to be impossible for a highly taxed country to prosper under a system of low prices.

But let it not be inferred that I am of opinion that remedy should be sought in a recurrence to the system which was, as I think, too readily and precipitately abandoned. It was indeed an unfortunate mode of balancing the account for robbery inflicted on every creditor in the nation in 1796, to plunder every debtor in the nation, and the nation itself, in its collective capacity, in 1819. But years have since rolled on—new engagements have been entered into, founded on the altered state of the currency, and to effect a new revolution, would not only involve new frauds in the relations subsisting between individuals, but would for ever annihilate all confidence in the stability of legislative arrangements of our monetary system. A modified course should be adopted. A more expansive

impetus may be given to a circulation now ruinously contracted. In the exercise of that intemperate zeal which ever imagines that the reverse of wrong must be right, no sooner was the insecure foundation on which a portion of the circulation of country banks rested discovered, than on the country bankers was thrown all the odium and discredit of the national embarrassments, and as a body they were hunted down without mercy. Industry and enterprize have ever since languished throughout the agricultural districts from a deficient circulation. This deficiency may, I doubt not, be supplied, without any necessity for incurring again the hazards and inconveniences of an unstable currency. A paper circulation, adapted to the wants of the community, and based on a secure foundation, may without difficulty be restored in the provinces, free alike from the evils of excessive issues, and the no less frightful calamity of violent contractions. For the establishment of such a system, the approaching expiration of the charter of the Bank of England offers facilities of the highest importance, of which a judicious government, controlled by a reformed parliament, will doubtless avail itself.

(To be continued.)

EPIGRAM.

" She loves me still," cried Ned, " for, on my knee
She said last night, ' Thou'rt all the *world* to me!' "
" That nothing proves," said Fred, (with lip upcurl'd,)
" She often says, ' She's tir'd of the *world*.' "

CHIT CHAT.

"Now, in the year 1833, the names of Whig and Tory became obsolete; the latter party assuming to themselves the appellation of Conservative, which hath two readings—the friends of that party asserting that it implied a desire for the protection of all property, and an upholding of the English constitution; whereas their enemies declared that it referred to their anxious desire to keep all good things for themselves, and their own relations. The Whigs, much against their will, at the same time were christened with the sobriquet of Destructives; and certainly, when we consider the injurious tendency of the commercial polity of this party, during the short time they were in power, their stupid interference in foreign quarrels, and their quackery of the best interests of the country, it was no misnomer. No one could, with any justice, then make use of the phrase—'The wisdom 's in the *Whig*.'"—*Pamphlet published* A. D. 1908.

We shall not state how we obtained a sight of this hitherto unpublished pamphlet; but, as we are, in a short time, about to dismiss Whig and Tory for ever, we will first inquire what was the origin of these two appellations, under which so many a struggle for the "loaves and fishes" has been made during the last century of the History of England. Defoe describes them thus:

"The word *Tory* is Irish, and was first made use of there in the time of Queen Elizabeth's wars in Ireland. It signified a kind of robber, who being listed in neither army, preyed in general upon the country, without distinction of English or Spaniard. In the Irish massacre, anno 1641, you had them in great numbers, assisting in everything that was bloody and villanous, and particularly, when humanity prevailed upon some of the Papists to preserve Protestant relations. These were such as chose to butcher brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, the dearest friends and nearest relations: these were called Tories."

"As to the word Whig," continues De Foe, "it is Scots. The use of it began there when the western men, called Cameronians, took arms frequently for their religion. Whig was a word used in those parts for a kind of sour milk, the western Highland-men used to drink, and so became common to the people that drank it. It afterwards became a denomination to the poor harassed people of that part of the country, who being unmercifully prosecuted by the government, against all law and justice, thought they had a civil right to their religious liberties, and therefore frequently resisted the arbitrary power of their princes."

The Whigs should recollect the old proverb, that "a house divided," &c. One will give the ballot, another will not. There 's only one point in which they remain *in keep*ing, which is, to *keep in* if they can. Poulett Thomson thinks it is a great feather in his cap, that he is returned for Manchester; but if he had not added the *ballot*, and one or two other *trifles* of that description to his free trade, he would

never have succeeded. He has been raised up by political excitement at the present, let us warn him that he may be torn to pieces by political excitement hereafter.

Who then are the gentlemen who claim for themselves *absolute wisdom*, and who accuse every body in the world, and our ancestors who have quitted this world, as being, or as having been in darkness. Let them bring one forward—one honest mercantile house, who can state that they have gained by free trade. Let them state upon what other questions they have proved their abilities. Alas! they have started up like fungi upon the state, and their appearance serves but to prove that there is rottenness within.

We remember that in our juvenile years, and we blush while we own it, that we had a spice of free trade in our composition. We used to persuade our little sisters, that if they buried their halfpennies in the garden, like potatoes, they would increase and multiply. Our innocent sisters followed our advice, and after impatiently waiting the due time prescribed by us for "fructification," to their great annoyance could not even discover their original halfpenny deposits. What became of them, we cannot pretend to say! but Mr. Poulett Thomson's system of sowing gold in the pockets of Frenchmen, with the vain anticipation that Englishmen are to reap a harvest therefrom, has reminded us of our little sisters and their halfpennies as being a parallel to his very ingenious method of fructification.

There certainly is such a thing as being too clever—intellect sailing so rapidly with the wind *free*, as to leave common sense hull down astern. Extremes meet, and thus it appears that excess of talent shakes hands with folly. O Poulett Thomson! why did you leave a *good business* for a *bad business*—why did you not remain in your former *state*, instead of interfering with matters of *state?* Why did you not *stick* to *trade*, instead of this *free trade*, in which you *stick* at nothing? Was not *Thomson, Bonar and Co.* more respectable as a firm than that of *Thomson, Bowring and Co.*, which is any thing but *firm;* and a *ballot* for an East India directorship more creditable to you than the *ballot* you have promised the cotton-spinners of Manchester? O Poulett Thomson! cut your own throat, if you please, but do not cut that of your country!

The theatres are in force, and papas and mamas pay more during the holidays to please the children, than they do now, during the whole remainder of the year, to please themselves. We are past the age of Harlequin and Columbine—even the Clown hardly can raise a smile; but what pleases us most, are the plots which precede the pantomimic change. They remind us of our youthful days, when fairy tales used to dwell upon our imagination until every other idea was absorbed; and we revelled in a world of our own which made us forget this, though at that period of our life it was as bright in the foreground as in the perspective. How often have we sighed for those seven league boots, fitting the possessor, and which we now imagine have been discovered and are in the possession of Intellect, who wears them in her triumphant march. At Covent Garden, we have *Puss in Boots*—that faithful, yet impudent cat, who made the fortune of her master, who had but one fault in her composition—that

of being a notorious *poacher*. Whose land is this?—My Lord Marquis of Carabas's. During a short stay in Norfolk, this shooting season, the large possessions of Mr. Coke often reminded us of the above fairy tale. Whose land is this?—Mr. Coke's. Whose preserves are those?—Mr. Coke's. Whom does this parish belong to?—Mr. Coke. This manor?—Mr. Coke. Those cottages?—Mr. Coke. That house?—Mr. Coke. This gentleman has often refused a title, but should he ever make up his mind to accept one, we should recommend that the Marquis of Carabas should be the one that he should select. Then would the little children of the next generation look upon the young heir with astonishment and respect, as the lineal descendant of the master of Puss in Boots; and a modern title would, from association, become more venerable and more ancient than any other in the kingdom. And now that we are on this subject, let us not forget our little favourite, the girl who never spoke without rubies and diamonds dropping out of her beautiful mouth. What a nice little wife! —one who never could have talked too much. Even a curtain lecture would have been borne from her with patience, as you felt the accumulation of treasure slipping down the pillows. But all this has passed away: there are no fairies now to reward the good, or to punish the bad. But here we are, desponding over the sad realities of life, burthened with debt, and salivated with taxes!

In both the large theatres the scenery is remarkably beautiful. The Falls of Niagara at Drury Lane are magnificent. By-the-bye, this painting ought to prove of great value to the proprietors after they have no further occasion for it in the pantomime, as it must be considered as an *everlasting drop* scene.

Lady Harriet Hoste is about to publish the life of her gallant husband, who was the flower of chivalry and the pride of the British navy. It is a mournful, yet beautiful picture, a young widow devoting her talents to raise a monument to her husband's fame—to record those gallant achievements which won her maiden love—to portray those virtues which cemented a happy union—to write down the tale confided to her by those lips upon whose accents she had so fondly hung—and prove to the world the extent of her loss by a display of his talent and his merits. There never was a more gallant, noble fellow than Sir William Hoste, and glad shall we be to have a record of his life from the pen of one who has such cause to lament over his decease.

Important new Publications.—Second edition of Protocols, now ready for delivery—Palmerston, Talleyrand, and Co. Reciprocity made easy, by Poulett Thomson, Esq. New Method of Book-keeping, by Mr. Bowring, LL.D. and A.S.S.

The following very interesting piece of advice was to our knowledge given by the housekeeper of a maiden lady of thirty, who, at last had thoughts of entering into holy bonds:—"Take my advice, and never marry, ma'am. Now you lay down master, and get up dame. I married a cross man of a husband, and the very first week of our marriage, ma'am, he snapped me because I put my cold feet to his'n. You don't know men, ma'am, so well as I do."

We were witness to the death of a lad the other day, from the run-

ning away of a horse, and the accident was said to have been occasioned by the horse having been struck in the flank by an over-driven bullock. It has often occurred to us that the butchers are the potentates of the metropolis, the safety and comfort of the whole population, from the noble to the beggar, having been endangered for years, to suit their convenience. In no other country in the world are cattle allowed to be driven through the streets, and slaughtered in the metropolis, and it is quite time that the safety of the whole should be considered in preference to the convenience of those who ought to be the servants, but are, in fact, the masters of the city. Much cruelty would also be prevented, for, be it observed, that it is not until the cattle enter the precincts of the metropolis that the bad treatment commences. Any one who has been accustomed to travel about the country must observe how gently the cattle are conducted by the country drovers—allowed to feed here and there as they go along, and during night turned into wholesome pasture. The animals do not lose a pound in their weight in a long journey; but the moment they arrive in a crowded city, then commences their misery. Frightened by such an unwonted assemblage of vehicles in the crowded streets, the animals are goaded to madness, their limbs are fractured, and they are killed in a state of fever, which produces unwholesome meat, and all the well-intentioned plans of the Society established for the prevention of cruelty are frustrated. Let some member bring forward a bill for the establishment of *abatoirs* in the vicinity of London, and he will do more real service in the cause of humanity, and more deserve the thanks of his country, than all the *husteron proteron* philanthropists, who are raving about immediate emancipation in our distressed colonies.

We went on a commission from our aunt, of whom we have already made mention, to a Mr. Thomas Thomas, a grocer, with whom she has dealt these last twenty years, for the old lady is so very particular that she never will have any articles except from the particular shop which she deals with. Her snuff must come from 47, Fleet Street, and her groceries from the said Mr. Thomas Thomas, always of the same quality—tenpence halfpenny loaf sugar, eight shilling black, and ten shilling green tea. The slightest variation or mistake on our part might cut us off without a shilling. This Mr. Thomas Thomas is what you may call a city wag, full of puns and conundrums, and we believe that he has increased his custom not a little from his very facetious manners. Apparently he has read a great deal, but chiefly periodical literature, which has given him a smattering of every thing. His conversation during our last visit may give the reader an idea of this personage, and we should at the same time remark that he speaks with great rapidity, and slides from one observation to another without the least pause. "Good morning, sir,—hope the good old lady is quite well—calculated that I should have a message this week—nothing like a regular customer—had the pleasure of serving her these last twenty years. Never shall forget how she laughed when I took the liberty of asking why I was like a musical instrument. Clever lady, but couldn't guess. Because I was a *Tom Tom*. I generally give that once a day as I *stand* behind my

counter, so I may safely call it a *standing* joke. Pray, sir, may I take the liberty of asking you why there are no eggs in St. Domingo? Because they don't allow any *whites*, and they've shook off the *yoke* long ago. I made that this morning, as I was making up a parcel of brown sugar for the miller who supplies me with flour. Made him rather sore, for I told him that his mill was so famous for converting good wheat into indifferent flour, that it ought to be called the *Corn Exchange*. I fear I have lost my customer by my pun, but, sir, I have gained many by them, and must therefore consider the *exchange* in my favour. There goes the ostler of the livery stables next door, with a pair of fowls—what's he going to do with them? *Curry* them, I suppose—all in his way. You've no idea, sir, what a frightful woman his wife is—a regular scarecrow. By-the-bye, sir, do you know the use of a *scarecrow?* To make *crows scarce*."

"You really are very happy in your puns, Mr. Thomas."

"Sir, I am always happy with my friends, and good friends they have been to me. Are you fond of conundrums? I dined with neighbour Briggs yesterday. We had a pair of fowls, not half roasted. I observed that they were like a criminal *hardly done* by, and ought to be *respitted*. I asked Briggs for a cut of the ex-minister's prison. He couldn't take—I referred to the *Ham* opposite. An apple pie followed, and I asked him why it was like a forged note—because it was not a *currant one*. These things make people laugh, sir, and they come again. John, there's the Hammersmith omnibus, and Mr. Cox come for his parcel. Take it out—quick. They say those vehicles are very convenient: they may be convenient going out of town, but coming up again they must be considered as *great drawbacks*. Well, little boy, what do you want?" "Pen'north of salt." "Oh! I'm glad your grandmother has cut her wise teeth at last. Do you know, sir, that the old fool used always to send for a farthing's worth of *salt* at a time, because she liked it *fresh* and *fresh*. "What Brighton coach am I to send them by, sir? If the articles were *iron*, I should recommend the *Magnet;* perhaps as groceries, the *Comet* will be the best, as they'll be less like to get *damp*. Many thanks, sir, for your *kind* order, I may say, your order in *kind*. My respects to the good lady, whom I've so long had the honour of suiting to a *T*." And as I left the shop, Mr. Thomas made me as many bows as he had made puns during my long stay.

We present the reader with some stanzas written by a young midshipman, on his voyage home from the Mediterranean, when blind with the ophthalmia.

Fortune! with thy golden smile,
  Call me from the restless seas—
Soothe my woes, and cease my toil,
  And lay me on thy bed of ease—
Golden Goddess! smile on me,
For I, alas! am blind like thee!

Love! with thy celestial smile,
  Bless me with thy balmy kiss—
Bless me with each soothing wile,
  And lay me on thy bed of bliss—
God of pleasures! smile on me,
For I, alas! am blind like thee!

CATULLUS AND PETRARCH.

AN ESSAY.

PART THE SECOND.

In speaking of the love-poets of antiquity, as compared with the more modern, I have remarked that the former, instead of describing to us a beautiful object, tell us passionately how it affected themselves, and so bring their own feelings to bear directly upon ours. It is true that by the first of these methods of appealing to the heart or the imagination, the resources of the poet's art are called most variously into play; but there is as little doubt that those great triumphs, in the true eloquence of feeling, which Nature must ever gain over the most refined art, have, in all times and all languages, belonged almost solely to the other.

Of the former kind of love-poetry not only Petrarch, but the Italian school, in general, afford examples; while both Sappho and Catullus have left us models, altogether inimitable, of the latter. It is on comparing the two schools together that we are made sensible of the difference between the effect produced by the mere reflection of feelings through the medium of a refined, poetic fancy, and that of their warm, living substance presented to us in the direct and natural language of passion. In the one case, a suspicion of the sincerity of the poet's feelings is apt to haunt us at every turning of the bright labyrinth through which he leads us, while, in the other, a deep, earnest and straightforward flow of eloquence leaves not a doubt as to the singleness both of the feeling and of the object. It is, however, a mistake, perhaps, to pronounce one of these styles of poetry more natural than the other, since both have been alike acknowledged, in the hands of masters, to speak the language of true emotion; and the preference of one or the other, as models, must depend on the taste or temperament of those who judge of them. To an imagination slow to kindle, and requiring, therefore, all the accessories of description to awaken it into sympathy with the feelings of the poet, such bursts of ready-kindled passion as broke out in the poetry of Sappho and Catullus, are at once too abrupt and transient to leave behind them any very deep impression. To such readers, the fond lingering of Petrarch round the object of his love, the details in which he indulges, not only of the beauty of his idol, but of every scene through which, like a spirit of other worlds, she moved,—all this works, by gradual operation, into their hearts, and, instead of hurrying them down the precipitous current of passion, keeps them rocking, in luxurious dreams, upon its swell.

In the celebrated ode of Sappho, there does not occur a single expression, in praise of the beauty of the object by whom such delirium had been excited; and while no terms seem to have been thought sufficiently intense to give a notion of the *effect* produced,

the charms by which all this spell of passion had been worked are described in the simplest phrase. It was merely by "sweetly speaking and smiling" that the whole mischief had been done; and we are made to feel that in a person hurried away by such a transport of emotion it would have been almost as unnatural to dilate upon the beauties by which it was caused, as for one suffering under the agonies of a recent wound to describe the polish and glitter of the poniard which had inflicted it.

In a similar manner, there is not, throughout the whole of Catullus's poems to Lesbia, a single epithet or phrase intended to convey a notion of her personal attractions. Yet, so far is this absence of all description from leaving a void in the imagination of the reader, that we are but the more prompt to allow credit for all possible fascinations to one who could so far engross the heart of her lover as to make him forget even the poet in the man, and lose sight of the pride of his art in the reality of his passion.

The sort of Platonic process by which the Italian poet has refined upon the somewhat too natural notions of love prevalent among the ancient writers, is described at once truly and fancifully, in some verses of the late Ugo Foscolo, where, in speaking of Petrarch, he says,

> quel dolce di Calliope labbro
> Che Amore in Grecia nudo, e nudo in Roma,
> D'un velo candidissimo adornando,
> Rendea nel grembo a venere Celeste.*

In this graceful picture the distinction which I have been endeavouring to draw between the ancient and modern love-poets, is, it appears to me, happily illustrated;—the veil under which the naked Cupid of Greece and Rome has been covered by the purer taste of modern times, having been first woven, amidst the solitudes of Vaucluse, by the skilful hand of Petrarch.

In purity, indeed, as well of taste as of moral, the Italian school of love-poetry leaves that of the Greeks and the Romans immeasurably behind. "Above them all," says Milton, speaking of the poets who have written of love, "are to be preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never wrote but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts, without transgression." Of such ladies, however, as those to whom most of the ancient bards "devoted their verse," it would have been difficult for their "renowners" to write any thing but dishonour. The Cynthia of Propertius left both husband and lover, to follow a soldier to the camp, and was not the less welcomed by the poet, in a tender elegy, on her return; while Tibullus, the most sentimental of all the Roman love-poets, was obliged to call in the assistance of

* This striking passage will be read with double interest by those who have ever heard Foscolo himself, in his peculiarly energetic manner, recite it, as well as another favourite passage of his, in the same noble poem, on Machiavel:—

> Quel grande
> Che temprando lo scettro a' regnatori
> Gli allôr ne sfronda.
>
> I Sepolcri.

the husband of his Delia to restrain her in her career of infidelity to both.

While, in the objects of their poetic worship, the two poets whom I am comparing so much differed, there was a no less striking contrast in the scenes and haunts among which that worship was indulged and its inspirations caught; nor has Love ever perhaps had to boast of two votaries more different than were the bard of Vaucluse, tracing his Laura's steps by the Sorga,* and Catullus watching the errant Lesbia "in quadriviis et angiportis," at Rome. And this leads us to the consideration of another source of poetical interest,—the associations called up by descriptions of the rich scenery of nature,—of which modern poets have known how to avail themselves far more abundantly and effectively than the ancients. Not that a feeling of the beauties of rural objects seems to have been wanting in the latter; for it may be, indeed, a question whether these few words of Virgil, "divini gloria ruris," are not calculated to convey a deeper sense of the glories of nature, and to light up, in susceptible imaginations, a brighter picture of her beauty and her grandeur than all the minute and elaborate painting of a Thomson could awaken.

Here, too, as in their love-poems, the general result of impressions is communicated to us, instead of the detail; and here, likewise, upon imaginations not easily awakened, the effect of such glances of feeling is, at once, too sudden and too evanescent; while, on the contrary, the details, which Petrarch dwells on so fondly, of all the scenery of that valley, whose every leaf had become consecrated by the presence of her he loved, convey impressions of the place, the lover, and his beloved, which familiarize the mind, as well with their haunts, as with themselves, and form, all together, one perfect vision of poetry and beauty.

To this spirit of detail are we indebted for all those charming pictures with which the poems of Petrarch abound, and which every reader of them will at once call vividly to his memory,—the gift of the two roses, by the old rustic, on May-day,†—the company of ladies in a barchetta,‡ among whom Laura is seen, with her coy looks,

Sedersi in parte e cantar dolcemente;—

that playful action of hers, described in a sonnet otherwise uninteresting, when seeing him lost in thought, gazing upon her, she places her hand before his eyes,§—these and many other such images of beauty must the name of Petrarch, whenever mentioned, bring freshly to the minds of those who have, in their young days, dwelt upon his pages, and followed there the story of his romantic passion.

In such instances of picture the smaller pieces of Catullus are not deficient, while with groupings of a wilder and grander character his

* Va or contando, ove da quel bel piede
Segnata è l'erba.—*Sonnet* 205.

† Due rose fresche, e colte in Paradiso, &c.—*Sonnet* 207.

‡ Dodici donne, onestamente lasse, &c.—*Sonnet* 189.

§ *Sonnet* 219.

magnificent poem, Atys, abounds. The grace of Lesbia, mourning over her dead bird—the gesture of the young, laughing nymph who, in answer to the poet's inquiries after his missing friend, exclaims, "En hic in roseis latet papillis,"—each of these, in its way, furnishes a vivid subject for the pencil; and there is also, in another of his poems, (though introduced awkwardly, as a simile, where it occurs,) a group of the same graceful and graphic character. The following is the passage to which I allude:

Ne tua dicta vagis nequicquam credita ventis
  Effluxisse meo fortè putes animo:
Ut missum sponsi furtiso munere malum
  Procurrit casto virginis è gremio,
Quod miseræ oblitæ molli sub veste locatum,
  Dum adventu matris prosilit, excutitur,
Atque illud prono præceps agitur decursu:
  Huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor.

Nor think the words I heard from thee
  Have from my faithless memory flown;—
Dropt, like an apple, carelessly
  Let fall from a young maiden's zone,—
Her lover's secret gift, and hid
Within her bosom, as he bid;
Till, running thoughtlessly, to meet
  Her mother, with a joyous spring,
She sees it roll out, at her feet,
  And blushes, like a guilty thing!

Among the many unprofitable speculations which have employed the pens of the learned, much has been written for the purpose of elucidating the important question, whether the attachment of Petrarch for Laura was Platonic, or otherwise; and a Scotch judge has even laboured to relieve the memory of the poet from the imputation of loving, in *either* way, a married woman, by amassing proofs to show that the subject of his Muse lived and died single. The Judge's hypothesis, however, though put plausibly, is unsupported by any satisfactory evidence, and it seems now admitted, as far as her history can be, in any degree, ascertained, that "la bella giovinetta" was not only a married woman, but also the valetudinary mother of no less than eleven children.

That it was at no cost of virtue she purchased for herself so splendid a name, the romantic station which she ever held in her lover's memory seems sufficiently to testify. It was, indeed, on ceasing to consider her as an object of passion and hope that he promoted her into an idol of his imagination; nor was it any longer as woman, but as an ideal model of woman's grace and loveliness, that he continued so faithfully to worship her. What seems to confirm this view of his love is, that her death made not the slightest difference either in the frequency or the ardour of his poetic offerings to her image. Still she smiled upon him from the clouds, or conversed with him in dreams; and, the same idealized being, whether on earth or in the grave, her shade served all the purposes of the living Laura.

However triumphantly the Italian poet has stood the test of this parallel, we must still come back to the one, unrivalled characteristic of Catullus, namely, that impress of reality so strongly stamped upon all he utters. To poetry so imaginative as that of Petrarch the existence of a real object was hardly necessary; and, even in his lifetime, we find it doubted by some of his most intimate friends, whether Laura was not the mere dream, the creature of his own fancy. One of his correspondents, the Bishop of Lombez, ventures to rally him on this supposition, and more than intimates that the *Laurel* which he so often, in his verses, confounds with *Laura*, was, in reality, the only veritable idol of his muse. In this, after all, lies the vital distinction between the two poets;—for, who ever yet thought of doubting of the reality of Lesbia, or of the truth of her bard's devoted, however disgraceful, passion for her?

Were I required to illustrate the remarks I have hazarded on these poets by translated specimens from their works, I should feel far more at a loss for the means of doing justice to Catullus than for a worthy interpreter of the love-dreams of his less impassioned rival. For while, in no instance that I can recollect, (with the exception of Cowley's translation of the Acme and Septimius,) has any portion of the works of Catullus been at all successfully rendered, it has been the more fortunate fate of the bard of Vaucluse to find a translator worthy of his polished genius, in Lady Dacre. I shall, on the present occasion, however, content myself with selecting but one of the Sonnets which her ladyship has translated, and which I give, not as among the most favourable examples either of her author's powers, or of her own, but, as best illustrating that contrast between the two poets which it has been my chief object, in the course of this essay, to point out.

Petrarch, Sonnet 188.

If faith most true, a heart that cannot feign,
If love's sweet languishment and chasten'd thought,
And wishes pure by nobler feelings taught,
If in a labyrinth wanderings long and vain,
  If on the brow each pang pourtray'd to bear,
Or from the heart low broken sounds to draw,
Withheld by shame or check'd by pious awe,
If on the faded cheek love's hue to wear,
  If than myself to hold one far more dear,
If sighs that cease not, tears that ever flow
Wrung from the heart by all love's various woe,
  In absence if consum'd, and chill'd when near;
If these be ills in which I waste my prime,
Though I the sufferer be, yours, Lady, is the crime.

LADY DACRE.

Catullus, Carm. 70.

To LESBIA.

Thou told'st me, in our days of love,
  That I had all that heart of thine;
That, ev'n to share the couch of Jove,
  Thou would'st not, Lesbia, part from mine.

How purely wert thou worshipp'd then!
Not with the vague and vulgar fires
Which Beauty wakes in soulless men,—
But lov'd, as children by their sires.

That flattering dream, alas, is o'er;—
I know thee now—and though these eyes
Doat on thee wildly as before,
Yet, ev'n in doating, I despise.

Yes, sorceress,—mad as it may seem,—
With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,
That passion even outlives esteem,
And I, at once, adore—and scorn thee.

Carm. 11.

* * * *

Comrades and friends! with whom, where'er
The fates have will'd through life I've roved,
Now speed ye home, and with you bear
These bitter words to her I've loved.

Tell her from fool to fool to run,
Where'er her vain caprice may call;
Of all her dupes not loving one,
But ruining and maddening all.

Bid her forget—what now is past—
Our once dear love, whose ruin lies
Like a fair flower, the meadow's last,
Which feels the plough-share's edge, and dies!

In closing this parallel, we cannot fail to be struck by the proof which both these poets afford, of the magic power there is in Genius to build itself a fame out of the most ordinary, and even disreputable events and objects which the current of man's every-day existence affords. In the small book to which Catullus is indebted for all his fame, there are, perhaps, as rank and revolting instances of grossness, both in thought and expression, as were ever yet brought together in a work of the same compass; and even the very love which inspired all his most beautiful poetry seems to have owed its intenseness and ferment to the struggle that was ever going on in his mind between a deep sense of the vileness of the object whom he thus doated on, and a still deeper of the impossibility of ever conquering his passion for her.

Such vitality, however, is there in the genuine eloquence of nature and feeling, that the little book, so constituted, has now, for two thousand years, held its high station of fame, in every region of the world where literature has been cultivated; has taken its place in the libraries of the gravest scholars, and given employment to learned commentators who, solicitous only about the purity of the *text*, have passed days and nights in illustrating and emending its pages.

With a similar power of command over succeeding ages, the genius of Petrarch has been able to enshrine in all hearts a simple, ordinary woman, whom even the flattery of portraiture could not elevate into beauty; who had so little sympathy with her lover's powers and pursuits as to care nothing, as he himself tells us, for rhymes and verses;* whose thoughts could ill, indeed, have been attuned to sentimental musings with a frame weakened and worn out by frequent child-bearing,†—not to mention her other domestic occupation, "Pettinando al suo vecchio i bianchi capelli;"—and whose great and sole merit seems to have been, that she but played with a flame, which, thanks to her coquetry, still lights the world, but which either more sensibility or less virtue, on her part, might have entirely extinguished. To such a woman was it that about the year 1330, a poet said, "thou shalt be immortal;" and, as far as aught human can admit of the application of such a term, the proud fiat of the poet has every prospect of being accomplished; as it is difficult to conceive a period in this world's affairs, when the names of Petrarch and Laura shall cease to be remembered.

T. M.

* Non curò giammai rime nè versi.

† So described by Petrarch himself, in *prose*:—"Corpus ejus crebris partubus exhaustum."

THE HOTEL DE CARNAVALET.

BY LADY MORGAN.

(From an Unpublished Work.)

The state of society in France, during the seventeenth century, (the vigil of the great epoch of transition, which followed,) presents one of the most important pages in the history of mankind:—viewed at this distance of time, it forms also one of the most amusing. Exciting in its events, it was eminently dramatic in its scenes and groupings. Its details were graphic, and its combinations picturesque, beyond the reach of fanciful creation. With just enough remaining of the rude imagery of the middle ages, to give a poetic and romantic character to the picture; and just sufficient civilization and refinement to redeem it from the coarseness of semi-barbarism, it afforded a last representation of institutions—a last glimpse of a phasis of society, which were rapidly to be succeeded by a total change in all. Forests, fortresses, the bristling rampart, the *rendezvous de chasse*, the court, the camp, the chateau, the manoir, the palace, the hostel, the shrine, the state prison, the convent, the hut of the peasant, the "house" of the burgher, all still remained subjects to paint, and landmarks of that dreadful disparity in human conditions, arising from those wrongs, oppressions, and errors, which, (drawn to their extremest tension, and about to burst by their own pressure,) were destined never again to be reknit. Such was the scenery of this melo-dramatic era; its *dramatis personæ* were still more striking and pictorial;—every class moulded in its own physiological form,—every grade habited in its own peculiar costume,—every countenance energized by passion, or stultified by degradation, as nobility brought the consciousness of power, or slavery, unredeemed by right or privilege, sunk in passive obedience to its lot of ignorance and of suffering. A social combination so pregnant with all the symbols of poetry and romance,—and therefore so amusing to retrace through the long vista of time, was yet based in those false principles and gross illusions, which are the inevitable results of barbarism, and of its attendant, credulity. Hollow, though cumbrous—false, though brilliant, the social structure was kept together, like one of those gigantic but childish machines, which in the old court masques, (propelled by the most coarse and complicated means,) nodded ruin at every motion. Their exterior indeed presented glittering forms, and gave effect to the most amusing incidents: but they concealed from sight the pain and labour by which they were supported; and they betrayed not the immensity of cost so disproportionate to the paltry ends they were calculated to effect.

The seventeenth century opened, in France, with the birth of the second of the Bourbons, Louis XIII. It received much of its character and colouring from the peculiar temperament of that fatal family; and more particularly from him, whose salient reign, unsurpassed despotism, and extraordinary longevity, drew to a point, and harmonized to a system, the demoralizing and disorganizing elements, which met him on his entrance upon power.

Between the hardy, well-bred, frank-hearted founder of the Bourbon dynasty and his descendants, or rather his successors, there was little resemblance, either physical or moral. The sons of the Italian and Austro-Spanish queens exhibited few traces of the superior characteristics of their immortal predecessor. They were of a different mould and temper from the "brave Bearnois;" and they resembled much more the

Philips and the Medici, than him, to whose genius and virtues they have so often referred posterity for the family qualifications. They found the age they were called upon to influence well fitted to receive the impulse they were desirous to give to it. The peasantry still continued what they had been from the beginning,—serfs of the soil: no item of their degradation effaced, no particular of their slavery redeemed. The inhabitants of the towns and cities oppressed, not protected by their provincial parliaments, were burghers without independence, and tradesmen without knowledge of commerce; which was then confined to England, Holland, Venice, Genoa, Flanders, and the Levant. The industry of the nation, concentrated chiefly on the production of costly futilities, was little better than a strenuous idleness. Workers of tapestry, painters of fans, inlayers of gold, silver, brass, and wood, jewellers, lace makers, hairdressers, and embroiderers,—the artizans of France were devoted more to gratifying the luxury and ostentation of the few, than to providing for the wants and developing the energies of the many.* The natural and almost inevitable consequences of this direction of industry, were frequent fluctuations in trade, insolvency, and ruin. It was a law in the code of aristocratic morality, to pay no debts, but those of honour; and to regard common probity as the prejudice of a *roturier* education. In a commercial nation, this cannot be; but in a society, where none had rights, where a few had privileges, and where the will of one was the law of all—where the higher classes were cheats like the De Grammonts; coiners like Pomenais; and fraudulent profligates like the Richelieus; such a state of morality was natural and consistent. The French aristocracy, whose feudal independence had been broken down by Louis XI., whose proud spirit had been tamed by Cardinal Richelieu, (the king of France, and arbitrator of Europe under the name of Louis XIII.,) were degraded, under the personal despotism of Louis XIV., to the "mean ambition" of serving in his ante-chamber, catering for his seraglio, and receiving the grace and dignity of their being from the breath of him, whom they called emphatically "the master." The League, and the Fronde, indeed, stirring events of incalculable, though remote benefit to the nation, had preserved to the nobility an air of faction, and a semblance of independence; but their participation in those public movements had no higher motives than their own selfish ambition and personal jealousies. The religious wars of the "holy league" originated in the rivalry of the two great houses of the De Guise and the Montmorency;† and the intrusion of the princes and nobles into the bold and honest resistance of the citizens of Paris to unjust taxation in the Fronde, had no other object than the intrigues of the Orleans, the Condés, the Longuevilles, and the De Retz; who, like the rest of their order, aimed at the ruin of the queen and of Mazarin—the recovery of their own overwhelming influence—the security of their own dangerous privileges—and the indulgence of their own licentious passions. Still maintaining those signorial rights over their wretched serfs, which it now blanches the cheek of humanity to enumerate, they had surrounded themselves with the *prestige* of an inherent superiority, which none disputed, and few even dared to doubt. "*Les princes du sang et autres nobles,*" says an old writer of Louis the Thirteenth's time, "*ont tousiers esté sacrées personnes,*

* Towards the close of the century, indeed, Colbert gave to France her manufactories of silk and woollen, and purchased the looms and the art of stocking-weaving at a high price from other countries. To this great man Louis XIV. owes his best claims to the epithet of "Great," in general so falsely bestowed upon him.

† "Leur premier dispute fut pour l'estat du grand maitre, que le roi donna au Duc de Guise, et en dépouilla Monsieur de Montmorenci."—HISTOIRE DE LA LIQVE.

comme les colonnes et appuis de la couronne," and "*sacrées personnes,*"—beings of a superior mould and temper from the rest of their species, the French aristocracy of the seventeenth century still claimed to be. Yet then, even then—their hour was all but come; and their position, unadapted to any durable condition of society, furnished to the observation of philosophy an evidence of their coming destruction.

Louis XIV., the son of Anne of Austria, and grandson of the atrocious Philip II., so well known in the bloodiest annals of England and of Flanders, inherited the temperament of his mother's family: his legitimacy, indeed, and right to the throne of France, was doubted even by his reputed and feeble father.* Born with an instinct towards despotism, and cradled on a throne, his reply, when but four years old, to Louis XIII.,† was as indicative of his future vocation, as his celebrated *l'état c'est moi,* or his speech at his first council on taking the reins of government: "*Vous scavez mes volontés,* Messieurs, *c'est a vous de les executer.*"‡ The *volontés* of a vain, uneducated boy, were then the law of the nation, and the destiny of millions! Believing royalty to be an entity, and not an accident—and fancying that to be born on a throne was the result of a divine calling, a creation out of the common roll of ordinary humanity, Louis acted through life under this false impression; and having been deprived by his ambitious mother of the lowest rudiments of education, no light of knowledge ever beamed on his besotted pride, to discover the illusion, or to check its fatal results. He lived, therefore, and ruled, as one to whom the destiny of his subjects was committed, without the controul of any law, or responsibility to any tribunal. How capriciously he sacrificed their liberties, and their lives, the private memoirs, even more than the public records of his reign, fearfully attest. To this despotism France had nothing to oppose. The people, disgusted with the selfish factiousness of the nobility, (who, after exciting them to rebellion, had betrayed and sold them,) impoverished also, and intimidated by unsuccessful resistance, were crushed and broken-spirited; hopeless and helpless: the nobility, disunited among themselves, and without support from the commons, were already beaten down in detail, and deprived as a body of all power, save that which was reflected from the grace and favour of the monarch. To obtain that favour, and to counteract the intrigues of rivals, they quitted their ancient baronial castles, and flocking to the seat of government, sank at once into courtiers and voluptuaries. Filling the most domestic offices about the person of "their master," as *menins,* pages, grooms of the chamber, and "officers of the mouth," § disputing for the distinction of presenting to the king his shirt, or changing his plate, and too proud if they might be admitted "*du voyage*" in the royal excursions, packed up with the rest of the *valetaille,* with footmen and furniture, tondres and tapestry,

* After twenty-twoyears of childless matrimony, Anne of Austria produced a son, (some writers say two.) Accused by the king and his ministers of various gallantries, and of conspiracies, (one even against her husband's life, with the intention of marrying his brother Gaston, the Duke of Orleans,) Anne sought to extort from him, in his last moments, an avowal of her innocence. The dying king refused, and said to Chavigni, his secretary of state, "*En l'état où je suis, je dois lui pardonner; mais je ne peux la croire!*"

† After the ceremony of his christening, (which did not take place till he was four years old,) he was taken to the king, who asked him what name he had received. "*Je m'appelle Louis Quatorze,*" he stoutly replied. "*Pas encore, pas encore,*" said the king, in angry emotion.

‡ Even in his last days of adversity, Louis XIV. had not got rid of his belief in his divine right; and said, "Dieu donc a oublié tout ce que j'ai fait pour lui."

§ Absurd and undignified as this may appear, still even in these times of reform, the courts of Europe from St. James's to St. Petersburgh, are modelled upon that of Versailles and the Tuileries under the "grand monarque."

and other moveables of ostentatious luxury. Ambitious only of the "*casaque bleu*,"* they wholly lost sight of their feudal "*vie de chateau*," where chivalry had bred up her gallant sons, and where all that old France had known of independence was born and nurtured. Not to have a sumptuous hotel in the aristocratic quarters of Paris, a pavilion within view of the turrets of some royal mansion in its environs, was to be beyond the pale of distinction, under the ban of royal indifference, and excluded from all honours, wealth, promotion, and favour. To be "*relegué à son chateau*," "*exilé à sa terre*," was a stigma, which (once inflicted) was never effaced. It broke the hearts of some, it left others to pine in hopeless despondency through life. Against this overwhelming ruin, fortune had no remedy, philosophy no defence, religion no consolation. To compensate for such utter degradation of the aristocracy, the wealth of the nation was concentrated on the heads of its members. All places of power or emolument in the church, the army, the court, and the government, became the plunder of the nobility; pensions, presents, commands, offices, all paid by extortions wrung from the ruined people, provided for every extravagance, and gratified every passion to satiety. The king frequently paid the debts of the favourite of the day; when creditors were too importunate, or important, to be got rid of, by other means. The competition in sumptuosity and magnificence, thus fostered, and almost commanded, covered Paris with palaces, and its neighbourhood with villas, such as Florence and Genoa could not rival in vastness and expense, nor Rome surpass, save only in beauty and in taste.

The passion for architecture and painting had arisen in France, so far back as in the time of Francis I.; and the progress of these arts had been materially forwarded by the Italian queens, who brought with them to their ultramontane thrones, the tastes, as well as the vices, that marked the family temperament of the Medici. Cardinal Richelieu, magnificent as he was despotic, built for himself a palace, (the Palais Royal,) in which kings were proud to lodge; and he obtained a glory by the establishment of academies and schools of art, which kings might emulate, but could not exceed. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, the hotels of Paris were losing their character of fortresses. The crenelated towers of the Hotel de Guise, and the Hotel de Soissons,† where the proud Duchess of Montpensier, and the atrocious Catherine de Medici, had each respectively concocted their conspiracies against human life and liberty, were already considered as *bicoques*, when compared to the Paladian palaces raised by the travelled genius of Bullant and Cerceau, the successors of old Pierre L'Escot, De Mercier, and Sarazan; all of whom worked on the beautiful Louvre, and drew a letter of credit on the admiration of posterity, which posterity still is well disposed to honour.

Bullant returned from a long residence in Italy, embued with all the taste of that native region of the arts, and with all the extravagance borrowed from the gigantic projects of popes and cardinals. Seized upon by the constable De Montmorenci, who gave him *carte blanche*, he raised the chateau of Ecouen, with an utter disregard of expense, in perfect accordance with the wealth and the orders of his magnificent patron. The Hotels de Sully, de Bouillon, de Matignon, de Thoulouse, de Gars, de Conti, de Soubise, rose in rival vastness and splendour, under the pre-

* The livery of the monarch for those who followed him to Fontainebleau, Versailles, &c. &c.

† One tower of the Hotel de Soissons, an hundred feet high, still remains *enclavé* in the Halle de Bléd. It is the scene of the principal incident of the popular drama of Henri Trois; and is encrusted with allegorical ornaments, torn wreaths, and broken mirrors, with the letters C and H. interlaced, all expressive of the love and viduity of Catherine, who built the edifice for astrological purposes.

siding genius successively of De Cerceau and Mansard. To calculate the scale of expenditure, or to put a limit on the means placed at the disposal of either, were deemed insults by the haughty architects. Mansard refused Colbert's proposition to rebuild the Louvre, unless he was permitted to throw down one day, what the caprice of another preceding one had approved. The president, De Longueil, a *sous-intendant de finance*, employed him, on the same terms, to build him a mansion; and Mansard availing himself of the licence, continued for years to throw down and reconstruct, without once consulting his employer on the subject. "But," says the biographer of the architect, "he (the *sous-intendant*) was rich enough to afford such a latitude of discretion; and he obtained in return, the satisfaction of inhabiting one of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of French architecture." Painting, sculpture, gilding, inlaying, and gardening, were called in to give the highest finish to these modern palaces. The genius of Vouet, and of his disciples, Le Brun, Le Sœur, Mignard, Du Fresnoy, Coypel, &c., enriched the walls and ceilings; and the looms of Italy and the Gobelins were rendered tributary for decorations, which, sumptuous as they were, brought little profit to the funds of national industry. The prevalence, among a privileged class, of notions and of habits thus extravagant, give fearful note of privation and misery among the industrious; and of a vicious misgovernment of the whole. For the productive power of the human individual being limited by his physical and moral capabilities, no honest and acknowledgeable distribution of the proceeds could feed such lavish expense. The average capability of a people to procure for themselves comforts and enjoyments, will necessarily vary with the variations in climate, locality, population, institutions, and the general commerce of the age and nation. But under the most favourable circumstances, it can never become so high as to admit of an unbounded luxury in the few, unbased in extortion, and the robbery of the many. In one country, domestic slavery, in another, predial slavery, in a third, unrepresented taxation, in a fourth, military conquest, may place the unrequited labour of the lower classes at the disposition of the higher; but in none can lawful industry, unbacked by privilege, render enormous accumulations of wealth frequent: and they exist not anywhere without producing, as if by an electric polarity, a proportionate mass of desolating want and deplorable suffering.

It is under the pressure of such fearful injustice, that cities of palaces arose in Paris over regions of hovels; and that marble and precious stones beamed in mockery, over the mud and misery of poverty and discomfort. The palaces of the Italian republics were the purchase of commerce; and paid for by imported wealth, the fruit of their monopoly in the markets of the world, the sweat of serfs in distant and unobserved lands. But the wealth of the French aristocracy, founded in military conquest, and increased by the political corruptions of after times, flowed from domestic violence and oppression; and it prepared that dreadful revolution, in which the nobility expiated the crimes of their ancestors, and their own, by a sweeping extermination.

Commerce did not flourish in France to feed the arts till towards the end of the seventeenth century, and then under every unwise restriction which the greatest financier of the realm, Colbert, had not the genius to acknowledge or remove. The arts, consequently placed under the exclusive patronage of aristocracy, were not congenial to the genius of the land. The schools founded by Richelieu and Colbert produced only an horde of artists, whose multitudinous names are now forgotten, and whose insipid allegories still fade and perish on the walls and ceilings of the old and vast hotels, whose tasteless but sumptuous proprietors gave only to talent the means of existence, in return for eternizing their own vanity and emblazoning their self-love.

Whenever a great genius emanated from amidst this mass of mediocrity, it fled to more genial climes. Poussin and Claude Lorraine abandoned the banks of the Seine for the Pincio, and the academy of the despot at Paris for that of St. Luke at Rome. Poor Vouet sought to follow their example, but was hurried from his ennobling studies at the Vatican by *lettres de cachet*, which doomed him to immortalize the tyrant who issued them, and to consecrate his own genius to ridicule, by endless representations of the royal "god of day," smirking "*noblement et avec dignité*" on nymphs and graces, whose originals it would have been an epigram to paint as Diana, or the Muses.*

Though the arts were sought after with avidity, and liberally remunerated, the artists were despised. The Mansards and the Le Bruns, (tyrants in *their* way,) were but menials in the ante-chambers of their extravagant patrons; and while their enormous demands enabled them to raise domestic edifices for themselves, elegant and elaborate as the hotels of their employers, they dared assume no higher name for them than "their house." "*La maison Mansard*," "*la maison Le Brun*," still bear evidence of the wonderful extent to which the ruinous passion for building had gone, towards the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., and of the low grade the owners themselves held in society. The Hotel de Matignon (in St. Germaine de Prés) covered four English acres with its court and gardens, in which was a small and beautiful edifice, called the "Petit Palais," more suited to the enjoyment of its inhabitants than the great building. This was a common appendage to the great hotels, and was destined to the same purposes as the Venetian Casino. The Hotels de Rambouillet, de Villars, de Harcourt, de Rohan, de Bouillon, de la Rochefoucauld, and countless others, still tell the story of the times, and proclaim the magnificence and boundless wealth of their founders. The Hotel de Soubise, now open to public inspection as the repository of the royal archives, has already been noticed,† but never adequately described. The Hotel de Thoulouse is a fair specimen of this class of buildings, both as to their architecture and to the distribution of their apartments, which throw a light on the manners of the day.

The vast and ostentatious salons raised for representation, their nests of little cabinets called "*les petits apartemens*," reserved for business and comfort, intrigue or conspiracy, with the *chéminées tournantes*, sliding pannels, back stairs, dark closets, and endless "passages" which often "*led*" to a great deal,—spoke of that social insecurity, and necessity for concealment, incidental to a despotic government, and the false position of the very highest ranks. The Hotel de Soubise was built upon the plan of Mansard. The order of its *corps de logis* and wings was Doric, the latter surmounted by an elaborate balustrade. The great stairs, as was then usual, were placed at the extremity of the vestibule, in the angle of the left wing. They were ornamented by pilasters, intersected with trophies and sculpture, by Charpentier and Marceau.

The Salle des Rois and Salle des Amivaux, (two vast rooms on the *rez de chaussée*,) the state apartments on the first floor, the *petits apartemens* in the wings, the interminable galleries, were repositories of all that art and luxury could produce; and the description of their details, still extant, fills a volume which would make the despair of a modern virtuoso.

In those grand, but now antiquated and gloomy quarters, where the

* Vouet, anxious to escape from the humiliating patronage of the French princes and nobles, by whom the arts were employed, not appreciated, put himself under the protection of Urban VIII., who made him prince of the Academy. He married a wealthy wife, and enjoyed the friendship of all the men of genius of Italy. From this happy condition he was recalled to France by a royal mandate, and to his despair presented with the undignified distinction of Peintre du Roi.

† France in 1829-30.

sumptuous edifices of the seventeenth century still stand spared by time, and labelled with historic names, there are, however, but few hotels which create a moral interest, or awaken an intellectual association, to prompt inquiry, or to check the passenger's speed. Many are converted into public offices, many into places of public resort, baths, taverns, manufactories, public schools; while the greater number are occupied as *hotels garnis*, receptacles of all classes, from the pauper in the Mansarde* to the prince *au premier;* from the *petit commis* in the *entresol* to the maimed member of the *vielle garde* in the *loge du portier*, once only confided to the fidelity of foreigners, as the "*parlez au Suisse*" still indicates.

Some few there are which still shelter the descendants of their once powerful founders, who, reduced to their own personal qualifications for whatever suffrages they obtain from society, live on without one time-consecrated prejudice to protect their pretension from ridicule, or redeem their inability from contempt. These scions of a still worn-out stock retain a competency sufficient for their wants, and even for their enjoyments, (derived from "*locataires*" as independent and haply more opulent than themselves,) though they are deprived of that ill-gotten and exuberant wealth which hurried on the destruction of their class, and left little to commemorate its existence, save the edifices which now stand eloquent monuments of national bankruptcy, anarchy, and revolution! The Hotels of the Birons, the De Villars, the De Maines, and a hundred others, attract no foreign visitants, revive no associations. Few know, fewer care, what site they occupy, what quarter they dominate. Still among the stupendous fabrics of St. Antoine, St. Avoie, and the Marais, there is one, to which the pilgrim steps of literary enthusiasm turn with the same devotional curiosity as conducts the pious votary of other and holier shrines. The Hotel de Carnavalet is still sought for by every representative of the intellectuality and education of Europe, in their indispensable pilgrimage to the metropolis of European civilization. "*L'appartement de ma fille,*" "*l'appartement du petit bon,*" seem rather recollections than discoveries; and the topography of the entire mansion, like that of the home of our youth, is familiar to its visitants—who, whether they come from the banks of the Thames or the Tibur, from the Rhine or the Dnieper, are animated by the same interests, and led by the same associations. The charm, the spell, which hovers over this hotel, is, simply, that something more than a century back it was the residence of a charming woman—a woman, however, who made no claims on posterity, and never dreamed of fame; for she was not like the De Mottevilles, the Montpensiers, the Mazarins, the Contis, and the D'Orleans, the heroine of her own memoirs. She was not a poetess, like the Des Houlières—a romantic writer, like Mademoiselle Scudery—a novelist, like Madame Lafayette—a professed wit, like Madame Cornuel—nor the president of a *côterie*, like the lady of the Hotel de Rambouillet. She was not a stateswoman, nor a churchwoman, nor an author; and yet she has survived, in the memory of posterity, all those female notabilities of her time, who were all these, and much more than these; and the modest mansion consecrated by her residence is sought after, and examined with a fond and lingering feeling, which time seems rather to increase than to obliterate. This woman was Marie de Rabutin, Dame de Chantal, and Marchioness de Sevigné. High-sounding titles, now signifying nothing, save as they intimate the existence of one whose happy nature and superior organization placed her in the fore-ground of female excellence.

The Hotel de Carnavalet dates back as far as the close of the sixteenth

* Mansarde—the loft under the naked tiles of the high-ridged roof, so called after the architect who introduced that style of building.

century, when it was the scene of an adventure of gallantry to the Duc de Guise, of singular consequence. The anecdote, however, is rather a tradition attached to the mansion, than a fact attested by history. This hotel stands in the Rue de la Culture St. Catherine, on the confines of the Marais. It was esteemed in the seventeenth century for its architecture, and was quoted as one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Bullant and Du Cerceau, its first architects. Grugion, their cotemporary, was employed upon its sculptures; and Mansard, at a later epoch, undertook to raise its *façade* a story higher—religiously respecting, however, the works of his predecessors, Mansard added without altering. The *corps de logis*, with two wings, which occupy a spacious court, is embellished with twelve gigantic figures, in *demi-relief*, representing the signs of the Zodiac, by Grugion. Above the great entrance is a *cartouche*, filled with armorial bearings, and the whole is encumbered with that allegorical sculpture indispensable to the mansions of the aristocracy when the Hotel de Carnavalet was raised. With all its architectural magnificence, this building would have sunk into oblivion, with the other great and noble hotels of its neighbourhood, but that about the year 1651 it became the residence of the young and widowed lady, who, dating from it her private and familiar letters to her children and her friends, gave to its walls an interest never to be destroyed, so long as a fragment of the apartments in which those singular and attractive compositions were produced, shall remain to stimulate curiosity, and to awaken imagination.

In the distribution, names, and fixtures of the apartments, nothing is changed since the time of Madame de Sevigné. An entrance on the left wing, (approaching it from the court,) leads to the stairs, every step of which she has marked with a recollection expressed with the grace and nature which, coming more from the heart than the head, form a style that never grows old. The stairs terminate in an ante-chamber, which opens into Mad. de Sevigné's own suite. The salon, or reception room, is spacious and light. Here, from youth to age, during half a century of the most brilliant epoch of refined society, the pleasantry, the conciliating spirit, the intellectual *naïveté*, much more than the genius or rank of its immortal mistress, drew around her all that France boasted of worth or wit. "*Mon coin de feu*," from which she so often dates her charming domestic chronicles, is a spacious hearth at the head of the room, ornamented with a handsome chimney-piece with *chenets*, or dogs, on which the great Condé might have rested his feet, and La Rochefoucauld reposed his gouty legs. Close to the chimney, a little door opens into her *cabinet de travaille*, which was also her dressing-room. It communicated with her sleeping apartment, and with a room for her two maids, Helen and Marie, whom she has rendered personages as historical as herself. The windows of the salon command a view of the residence of Ninon de l'Enclos, (so long the object of her maternal solicitude, and of her son's bewitchment,) and of the Maison de Mansard, the architect, to whom her own residence owed so much of its beauty, and to whom she often alludes in her letters. Beyond these, a glimpse of the towers of the Bastile might once have been caught, where her cousin, Bussi Rabutin, was incarcerated, for the utterance of *bons mots* which the king thought were injurious to "two great ladies of the court," and a sufficient pretext for depriving a subject of his liberty, when the only law of libel was a king's disapprobation! Of this indiscretion, the gallant Comte de Rabutin lived and died the victim. To the left of the entrance lies "*l'appartement de ma fille*," a small but pretty suite, occupied by Mademoiselle de Sevigné during her girlish days, when she was the ornament of the court of Louis in its most brilliant epoch, and the "subject of much verse" by La Fontaine, Benserade, and others of the most eminent writers in France. Here she studied the philosophy which she

professed through life, as the disciple and daughter of "*son père Descartes,*" a pursuit for which she was frequently rallied by her more agreeable and *enjouée* mother. Here, too, she lodged in after times, as Contesse de Grignon, when, leaving the grandeur of her remote and dignified government in Provence, she returned to bless by her presence the doating mother, to whom she owes the immortality of her beauty and talents. The "*two steps,*" which make the subject of one of Mad. de Sevigné's prettiest passages, are still identified as leading to that apartment; and it is impossible to visit the spot without recalling the scenes described as having passed in it, in so many of those delightful epistles which founded the art of familiar letter-writing in France.*

On the day of her first separation from her daughter, Mad. de Sevigné, unable to remain in a house where every object recalled her loss, flew in the restlessness of that acute grief, which she says "*seroit bien médiocre, si je pouvais vous la depeindre,*" to the convent of Sainte Marie; for it was the fashion then for ladies of rank to have apartments in these quiet retreats, to which they might retire when under any affliction that unfitted them for the world. Of her return home, and of the impression made on her, in passing the apartment of her daughter, she says, "*Je reviens enfin à huit heures de chez Mad. de Lafayette; mais en entrant ici, bon Dieu! comprenez vous bien ce que je sentis, en montant ce degré? Cette chambre où j'entrois toujours, helas! j'en trouvai les portes ouvertes; mais je vis tout demeublé, tout dérangé; et votre petite fille, qui me représentoit la mienne. Comprenez vous bien tout ce que je souffris? Les réveils de la nuit ont été noirs, et le matin je n'étois point avancée d'un pas, pour le repos de mon esprit.*"

On the *rez de chaussée* of the same wing are the apartments of the gay, the brilliant, the gallant Marquis de Sevigné, where so many of those humorous scenes passed between the witty mother and her witty son, which she has given with such laughable effect. On the opposite wing, a suite of small apartments are pointed out, as the residence of "*le petit bon,*" to whom so many allusions are made in the letters of his niece. L'Abbé de Coulange had presided over her liberal and (for the age) extraordinary education, and he had endowed her with his property during his own life. She repaid him with more than filial tenderness, and he passed a happy old age under her roof, and died in her arms.

The court yard, spacious and well paved, is not without many a recollection of scenes, traced by that pen which dramatized all it touched. It has recently furnished the subject of an amusing picture to an ingenious French artist.† Once the site of fashionable bustle, "by many a wit and many a hero trod," it now only echoes to the footsteps of the studious and scientific pupils of the schools and *Bureaux des Ponts et Chaussées,* who occupy the ground floor. The apartments of the immortal mistress herself is now the residence of the learned and accomplished inspector-general, Baron de Prony, to whose taste and literary feeling the high preservation of the Hotel de Carnavalet is mainly attributable, and to whom the author of this slight sketch stands gratefully indebted for the opportunity afforded her of dropping one additional tear, and lighting one taper more, at the shrine of the idol of her early fancy, "La Dame des Rochers."

* See her graphic sketch of her daughter while she was still with her, though married. Mad. de Grignon, in her honey-moon, is writing to her husband, "Elle est présentement séparée de nous, au coin de sa chambre, avec une petite table et une écritoire à part; ne trouvant pas que M. de Coulange ni moi nous soyons dignes d'approcher d'elle."—Lettre IV.

† The departure of Mad. de Sevigné for Les Rochers. The details are taken from her own graceful and animated description of the scene.

THE SCHOOL BOYS AT HOME.

BY LADY CLARKE.

For learning to Westminster why should we roam?
When all that's worth learning 's so well taught at home.
The footman that comes so obedient to call,
Shall teach us the *globes* by a good game at *ball.*
Home, home, sweet, dear home,
Take my word for it, boys, there is nothing like home.

The *strains* of sweet Virgil are taught us in vain,
The striving to learn him we find a great *strain:*
And to get *beat* for the *French* is a thing we condemn,
Since our fathers so often have well *beaten them.*
Home, home, sweet, dear home,
A fig for the French, and let's all stay at home.

I'd like to see Busby at *taw* in his gown,
For *knuckles* he's rapp'd we'd make *him knuckle down,*
For in learning we find, if we cannot attain
To bear off the *palm,* that our *palms* bear the pain.
Home, home, sweet, dear home,
One never gets very sound threshings at home.

It's odd that at school I am thought dull enough,
Whilst my people at home say I'm "prime," "up to snuff;"
'Twas I floor'd the butler, so *he* was the *flat*—
Sure a boy that's not clever could never do that!
Home, home, dear, sweet home,
One gets one's deserts for the deeds done at home.

I must say there are some things so pleasant at schools,
At holiday times breaking forms, desks, and rules;
There's a sameness in home, too, I cannot but say,
At mine, we have pudding and port every day.
Home, home, dear, dull home,
For once in a way there's nothing like home.

Near th' end of vacation one's sisters get sharp,
If one only knocks down a piano or harp,
And Ma makes a bother with flannel and squills,
With bitter herb tea washes down bitter pills.
Home, home, care taking home,
There's nothing for chin cough or measles like home.

And then at one's home, one is always "the boy,"
If we strut like a *man,* still they offer a toy,
And Pa hints that "ma'm'selle" has quite turn'd one's head,
And nurse will come kissing, when one's snug in bed.
Home, home, there's some one at home,
That's better worth kissing than old nurse at home.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMATIST.[1]

" O ! that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly ! and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !
How many then should cover that stand bare !
How many be commanded that command !"

If a person were suddenly called on to defend his right to his estates against the pretensions of an unexpected claimant, what course would common sense dictate to him as the one most likely to be crowned with success? In this case he would act naturally and honestly; he would look around him for the ablest advocates that the country could furnish, and in their hands he would place his cause, as men on whom anxiety could repose with confidence. His intimates, if he chanced to have any at the bar, would be passed over, if their talents were held to be secondary to those of others who were strangers to him; and he would weigh, with accuracy, in the balance of reason and judgment, the pretensions of all those who were brought under his notice by the recommendations of friendship. In fact, the powerful principle of self-interest would rise superior to influence of every other kind; and care and anxiety, the most watchful and intense, would be used to guard every open and vulnerable point: in such a case the care would be readily characterized as prudence, the anxiety unanimously pronounced as laudable.

Just such a course then ought every government to pursue in selecting persons who are to fill diplomatic stations; for if the care displayed in the defence of individual property be so prudent and laudable, how much greater should be the care, and how much more prudent and laudable would be the anxiety, if duly felt and faithfully exercised, in the choice of persons on whom is to devolve the important duty of watching over and defending the multifarious interests of a nation? But, if instead of such a course of laudable care and anxiety, those frequently are taken whose claims to preference are founded on personal favour; on parliamentary interest, or on any other predominating and noxious influence, which may reign in the country, it must be evident that the interests of that nation will be often placed in the keeping of the weak and the ignorant; of the vacillating and the headstrong; that her disappointments will be great, and her disgrace still greater, and that she will have the continual mortification of seeing imbecility fall prostrate before boldness, ignorance before intelligence, vacillation before firmness, and obstinacy before address.

But parliamentary influence, one of the greatest evils as it affects appointments in this country, is now to cease: the government, no longer trammelled by the overbearing influence and eternal cravings of the borough interest, which hung like a withering blight on the wills and wishes of their predecessors, is left in undisturbed liberty to

[1] Continued from p. 32.

extend its views over a wider range in the choice of diplomatic agents, and from its professions the nation has a just ground for expectation, that these appointments will now be filled by men whose talents and intelligence point them out as eminently qualified to hold such arduous and important stations with credit to themselves and advantage to their country. From the watch tower, which ministers themselves have erected, a vigilant eye will view their proceedings and mark the result.

From what has been said, let me not, however, be understood as wishing to convey a general censure on the diplomatists of our own country; far from it: for although the sphere out of which they have hitherto been chosen is, assuredly, too narrow and confined, still it must be admitted that it has furnished many highly accomplished men, of brilliant talents, extensive information, and sound diplomatic learning; men from whose exertions the country has derived great advantage; whose acquirements and manners have been objects of respect and admiration to foreign powers, and whose characters, for integrity and disinterestedness, have been so high, as to set even suspicion at defiance.

Taking a view over the whole range of European diplomacy, the conspicuous for great and splendid talents are, however, few in number, at any one period of time; the remainder of the corps diplomatique being composed of men of all the various grades of intellect, from aptitude to obtuseness, who go on sometimes arguing and foundering in a good cause, and sometimes proving successful, by mere accident, in a bad one. Among the disqualifications that render a person unfit for a diplomatic station, perhaps timidity and want of self-possession is one of the worst; for it places a man of sound understanding and good sense, in other respects, at the mercy of an ignorant but artful knave, who will know how to work upon his failing and subjugate his judgment.

During my stay at Vienna I remember a circumstance which will illustrate what has been advanced on this point. Riding one morning in the Prater in company with M. S——t, we were joined by M. D——g, who had foundered the preceding day in a negociation with M. N——. This latter gentleman had been, for some time previous, urging the former to consent to the grant of some commercial advantages to his nation, and the instructions of the former were to resist the grant altogether in the first instance; but should this course not succeed, then to attempt a reduction of the number of the advantages sought, and by no means to grant the boon in its fullest extent, unless made requisite by the most imperious necessity. Here much tact and firmness were necessary; in the first qualification D——g was not wanting, but in the latter he was deficient, for he was, in reality, a timid man; but as this failing showed itself in cases of extreme difficulty only, when, in fact, firmness is most wanted, this vulnerable point of his character was not generally known. He knew that his court wished to avoid a rupture with that of his opponent; but basking in the sunshine of the P—— M.'s smiles, whose approbation he sedulously courted, and whose good offices were requisite in another affair of magnitude, he felt himself at ease, and

showed a proper degree of firmness in support of his arguments. But M. N—— became weary of argument, and M. D——g became the dupe of finesse. N——, who knew the precise dimensions of D——g's mental powers, as well as the vital importance to his court that a good understanding should exist between it and the P—— M., contrived by means which rarely fail in their object, to engage the powerful aid of this powerful diplomatist in his favour. To what extent the interference of the last would have been carried is not known, at least not to the writer of this article; but the service performed, though most effectual in its result, was of a character rather passive than active. On the unfortunate day named, he entered the room in which the negociators had met and were about to resume their conference, his brow clouded by reserve, and his whole manner exhibiting a marked coolness and indifference towards M. D——g. Knowing that his court had determined on an alliance with that of the P—— M., D——g became alarmed at the sudden and ominous change in his situation and prospects. Unable to account for the reason of this marked change of feeling on the one hand, and the high tone now assumed by M. N—— on the other, amounting almost to threats of instant rupture, unless the terms proposed by him were granted; timidity seized his mind, vacillation succeeded to firmness in his arguments, and viewing his position as one of extreme necessity, he capitulated, after a short resistance, on the terms of the victor.

After M. D——g had left us, my friend S——t observed, "There goes a man who perfectly illustrates the mischief of influence in the appointment of envoys; he suffered his country to be frightened out of eighty millions of francs yesterday: what an *imbecile!*" As this remark was harsh, I replied, "that D——g was not a specimen of the worst class of *imbeciles*, who were intrusted with the preservation of interests which they had not power to defend: for he was not only a worthy, but an intelligent man; possessed of more sound, useful knowledge, than either of those who had duped him; and, but for the want of sufficient firmness, the only failing in his character as a negociator, he would be infinitely superior to either of them."

The want of firmness shown in this transaction was a natural defect of the mind; one, over which D——g had little or no controul: the blame, therefore, attaches not to the man, but to the government who employed him. As he was indebted to influence and intrigue for his appointment, he may be fairly held up as an illustration of the costly and destructive consequences which such appointments entail on a state, as well as of the imperative necessity that all such corrupt courses of action be, for the future, abolished. From some recent transactions published by the government of the United States of America, it will be seen that notwithstanding the boasted purity of republics, and of this one in particular, that diplomatic appointments are managed on the other side of the Atlantic, in a way not very dissimilar to that of the old European courts: the neglect of Mr. Hughes, at the Hague, can be no otherwise accounted for, except it be attributed to an almost equally disgraceful source, that of ignorance of his great superiority for diplomatic employ,

when compared with the gentleman appointed. Far different in character to M. D——g, though equally unfit for obtaining advantages in argument, was the Count H——g, who was contentious and jesuitical: his fondness for disputation embroiled him in continual misunderstandings, and his habit of splitting and subdividing every proposition, involved him in the most annoying intricacies. Frequently he bewildered his opponents, and as often might he have gained extensive advantages over them, if his penetration had been keen enough to see, and his address skilful enough to have seized, the favourable moment for victory. He was very fond of talking, under the impression that he talked extremely well; he was very fond of disputation, because he considered himself a master in logic; he was passionately fond of argument, as he considered his rhetorical powers to be somewhat brilliant; but he had a real aversion from drawing any business to a conclusion, because it deprived him of a field for the exhibition of his mental powers, and his opponents of an opportunity of wondering at the variety of his accomplishments, and the profundity of his reasoning. In an opportunity which once presented itself, I was enabled to form an opinion of the powers and acquirements of this interminable arguer, who really possessed a considerable store of useful knowledge, great fluency of speech, and a subtlety in argument that might have bewildered Thomas Aquinas. The principal deficiency in the count, as a negociator, was the want of a set of sound principles or axioms, on which to fall back when the confusion which he had introduced into a subject had communicated itself to his own mind, and made him lose sight of the object proposed. In the instance now cited, he was managed, most dexterously, by a late French statesman, who knew his character well, and the best methods of urging him speedily into warmth of argument, out of which he knew would arise subtlety of disputation, confusion of the question, and forgetfulness of principles and objects. These failings of the poor count were used, by his cooler antagonist, most formidably and effectually against him; for his endless divisions led to numerous explanations, and these were made the foundation for altered views and new propositions, most of which, after they were thoroughly understood, were found to have a tendency at variance with those which the count had originally proposed to himself. Indeed, out of ten articles which he signed, seven were materially changed in their views, and the remaining three were greatly modified.

It is now confidently asserted that European diplomacy is about to undergo a change: that it is to be shorn of its chicanery and finesse: that it is to be characterized by honesty and plain dealing; and that straightforwardness of purpose is to cast the dark shade of oblivion over the wiles of intrigue. This is very good: honesty is certainly the best policy, on all occasions, and under all circumstances; and when all the parties engaged in a negociation shall be found to have no objects to carry except such as are founded in justice, then the aid of intrigue and finesse may be readily and safely dispensed with: but not till then. If the views of governments shall ever be founded in strict justice, and their diplomacy be marked by

honesty alone, the onus of choosing representatives at foreign courts will be greatly increased. Then, an envoy, to command success in his negociations, must understand, with great precision, in what essentials the true interests of his country really consist, and must have talents to enforce them, and to show that they are founded in truth and justice. The same degree of accuracy will also be essential in his acquaintance with the true interests and policy, both internal and foreign, of other states, instead of that superficial knowledge on these vital points which mark the characters of some diplomatists of the present school, who depend upon intrigue and chicanery for success, more than upon justice, knowledge, or honesty. The language of experience says, avoid all subtle divisions of the subject under consideration; condemn all protracted discussions on the point disputed, for truth and honesty require no such adventitious aids. Far less trouble will attend negociating, and far more successful will be the result, if fairness and candour mark every proceeding, than if the objects to be carried are grasped at through the windings of an uncertain and speculative intrigue. Clear and comprehensive views, always kept steadily in sight, sound principles, and unflinching firmness, will ever put to flight the efforts of deception and the arts of finesse. But, above all things, let diplomatic agents store their minds with sound first principles, not from the writers of axioms and aphorisms, but from study and reflection; they will be found a shield of defence to the honest against the attacks of the evil designing; a bulwark of power to the just against the cunning of the knave: they will become pillars of strength in the hour of difficulty, and anchors of safety in time of the greatest danger.

(To be continued.)

DISCOVERY OF A NEW LANGUAGE BY DR. BOWRING.

On one of the most wretched of the November evenings which the last year afforded, when a damp and murky atmosphere, saturated with fog, was lending the accommodation of all its discomforts to the numerous hypochondriacs in and about London, I, who am about to unfold something very remarkable, was passing through the Deptford road on my way to New Cross, where I chanced to be then a temporary resident. I was in a ruminating mood, and my "thick-coming fancies" borrowed their hue, as well as their density of array, from the circumambient mist.

Suddenly I was startled by a low and fitful moan from one of the fields on the right, which lead towards the river. The sound, which was of a very plaintive and distressing kind, I at first conjectured to be of human source. On straining my ears, however, to catch it more distinctly, I wavered in that opinion; for the voice, as Æneas said of his mother Venus's, did not certainly sound like that of a man.* Still it appeared to bear something of that character, mingled with what seemed like the whine of an animal, perhaps a dog. What could be the cause of it? I stayed my steps, and pondered in painful suspense. Could it be really a dog, or other animal, in a moribund state?—or—or—(horrible hypothesis!)—a human being in the agonies of hydrophobia? These, and other misgivings, shook my nerves, while they roused my curiosity. Should I venture to explore the mystery? Not a soul was passing at the time: a sad and ominous look was worn by every thing around: and Caution whispered that I might plunge myself into a dilemma. But the more generous impulse triumphed. I was always of a compassionate turn, so I turned into the field through a small rough-hewn gate, or stile, that I stumbled on, and proceeded to grope my way through the obscurity in the direction of the noise. This latter gave a continued index to my steps, and about fifty of these brought me to a wretched-looking shed, or out-house. As I arrived close to it, with a palpitating heart, the moaning grew more subdued, while its cause became more apparent; for, on stooping down and staring hard, which I tremulously did, I could just discern a poor devil of a dog, thin as a hurdle, and melancholy as an owl, stretched upon some meagre straw, and looking like an imp of darkness in its most afflicted moments. Finding my worst fears thus groundless, I took the mood of unqualified commiseration, doing what I could to console the poor animal, who gave very expressive demonstrations of gratitude for the pattings and kind words I bestowed on him. For the hunger and exhaustion so evident in his looks, my pockets luckily supplied a present remedy, in the shape of some squares of gingerbread, which, (like Goldsmith's Mr. Burchell,) I commonly carried about me for the benefit of the juvenile community. The relish with which he availed himself of

* "——— nec vox *hominem* sonat, o Dea, certe."—*Virg. Æneid.*

this refection, might have moved the envy of Sir George Warrender himself.

While thus relieving the creature's necessities, I was forcibly struck by the peculiar significance of the tones that he addressed, in the intervals of suspended mastication, to my attentive ear. I had always attributed a great deal of meaning to the signs and sounds which are employed in such remarkable variety by the canine species; but here appeared to be something beyond that—something which, to my startled conception, wore the semblance of articulate, syllabic sound. "Surely," thought I, "this must be some delusion of the senses." Again I intensely listened, and again was impressed with the strange belief that somewhat of human, or, it might be, superhuman enunciation, was distinguishable in the vocal efforts of the animal. The general effect of the sounds, it is true, had been canine, comprehending the whine, the moan, the howl, and, in a very subdued degree, the bark—but, interfused with these, there were evidently, I fancied, some further gifts of tongue, indications, as it seemed, of language, though I could not, for the soul of me, tell what or which. To whatever lingual order they belonged, they were singularly wild and uncouth: of that, at least, my ear distinctly informed me.

Chill and damp, as I was, from the miserable state of "matters externe," I could not repress the speculations which followed my astonishment at this curious discovery. "Supposing this poor outcast of a dog," thought I, "to be really endued with a sort of speech, it would be a thousand pities not to draw out the language that is in him. Some extraordinary revelations might be the result; and we human disciples might receive from a dog *more* lessons than those of patience, docility, and attachment, already so derived. But then who shall come at the root of this new tree of knowledge? Who knows the roots of this abstruse language? Who can communicate with this singular quadruped, its 'gifted proprietor?' Who can hold communion of tongue with a dog?"

The *who*, that my mental inquiries were so rich in, was at this instant happily supplied by memory. I had long known Dr. Bowring, and long admired, in common with thousands personally unacquainted with him, his wonderful command of languages, and his unparalleled faculty of understanding the most remote and barbarous inflections of sound. I recollected that he was then actually, by a singular accordance of circumstances, in the very neighbourhood, having just returned from learning arithmetic at Paris, on a visit at the house of a friend, to whom, by-the-bye, he was making gratuitous communication of the Magyar dialect. I resolved at once to go in quest of him; and for that purpose quitted the dog, who gave piteous evidences of regret at this, although his involuntary attachment to the remains of a post, (by the retentive means of an iron chain,) precluded him, exhausted as he was, from following me.

I found my friend Bowring at home, (in the Magyar studies,) and my appeal to his Polyglot kindness was not made in vain. We sallied forth on our misty and mysterious excursion, fortified internally with a thimble-full of brandy, and provided with a lanthorn.

We had now little difficulty in reaching the dreary spot, where the

"miserable dog" was still uttering his plaints to the murky night, though in a lower key than before, his sufferings being probably by this time rather less acute. The struggling rays from the lanthorn gave a piece-meal view of more than my unaided optics had previously been able to make out. The emaciated animal, which rose languidly from its litter of damp straw, seemed to be of a breed betwixt a hound and a spaniel. Its tail was as drooping as that of a cow, and we were shocked (what would Mr. Martin have been?) to perceive the raw, excoriated state of its back. Strewed around were a few old bones, thoroughly divested of all carnal covering; while a broken saucer (divorced from a flower-pot) exhibited a small amount of mud and water. The hovel was of the rudest kind, entirely open in front, and half open everywhere else.

I observed the Doctor to listen "*arrectis auribus*" to each emanation from the creature's throat, and to betray at every moment increased animation and surprise. Presently, to my great astonishment, he began himself to mutter a series of strange intermittent sounds, akin to those proceeding from the dog. He soon grew louder and more emphatic in his delivery, and I then plainly distinguished the occasional admixture of the canine idioms of howl, growl, whine, and bark. I stood transfixed with alarm and surprise. Had my learned friend gone mad? Was he raving, by some unexplained sympathy, in concert with the unfortunate dog? Was he holding some unhallowed incantation? Or could it really be some existing, definite language, in which he was conversing so vehemently?

"Dr. Bowring!" said I, catching him by the arm, "for heaven's sake! what does this mean? What am I to understand?"

"More than can be told in a moment," was his hurried reply. "This is most extraordinary; this dog speaks a language that would puzzle all the colleges in the world; but I have found it out—singular tongue in its construction—deep in its vowels, and harsh in its consonants."

"What on earth is it, my dear friend?" implored I.

"Why," replied the Doctor, "it is a modification of the dialect spoken by the *Dog-ribbed Indians* of North America."

My astonishment at this piece of information was beyond what I can find words for. Was the dog, then, only such in outward form, and otherwise no more a dog, than many a Christian on whom infidels bestow that term?—or was he but a very dog with the soul of a parrot, instructed in speech, but unconscious of significance? And whence could arise the phenomenon of a canine speaker? Even my natural wonder at the profound discrimination which could assign the sounds in question to the dialect of the Dog-ribbed Indians, gave way to the emotions forced upon me by the marvel of a speaking quadruped!

I was about to renew my inquiries of the Doctor, when a sort of oracular howl from the dog interrupted me. "Hush!" said my multilingual friend, "the poor creature is about to relate to us his history."

"Thereby hangs a *tail*," thought I, with that odd perversity which leads the mind to trifle, even upon trying occasions.

The dog stood up on his hind quarters, as well as his feeble state would permit, and uttered, with various modulations of tone, a long succession of sounds, such as I have before inadequately described. This remarkable episode lasted about half-an-hour, during which we could discover, by the aid of the lanthorn, (that shone full on the face of the narrator,) much movement of the lower jaw, expansion of eye, and variation of gesture—the right and left fore-paw being alternately employed in marking the emphasis, suiting the action to the word, &c. The following is the Dog's own account of himself, as afterwards translated for me by Dr. Bowring.

"I was born, like all other dogs, in company with half-a-dozen more, and it was in the *dog*-days, and on the Isle of Dogs. My master threw us all into the Thames; but my mother, who was a sensible bitch, *dogged* him as he went, and saved me from a merciful death. I grew up fat and happy, wagged my tail, sometimes ran round after it for half-an-hour, and found myself at the end just where I was at the commencement of my pursuit. Men do no more in their search after happiness. One day, playing on the river side, a sailor caught me up, and said I would sarve as a baby for Poll; but Poll threw me overboard as soon as presented to her, and boxed the ears of her fancy man for his trouble. I was picked up by two boys in a boat, and went on board of a brig bound to Canada; they sold me for a gill of rum to a fellow who brought wood into Quebec, and I worked in a cart like a horse. I escaped at last, and kept Lent like a Catholic; for I fed on the heads of fish for six months. At last the frost set in, and I was starved: so I swam alongside a man-of-war, which took me to the West Indies. There I was the midshipman's dog, and of all states, this was nearly the worst; for I then became, in every sense of the word, 'an unfortunate dog.'

"I hated my life with the most rabid antipathy—but dogs do not commit suicide! Very little leisure, however, was granted me for my own private thoughts, as I speedily fell into that train of calamity to which an 'unfortunate dog' is exposed, and which commenced by being kicked overboard by the first lieutenant. The whole series of indignities I have since gone through—no doubt, for my sins—is too long for a short tale. I have had many masters, and been kicked about in nearly all parts of the world, by savages both wild and civilized. I have had starvation at my stomach, the scissors at my ears, brick-bats at my head, and a canister at my tail! The master that brought me to England sold me cheap to a baker, to draw his truck. From him I descended to a dog's-meat man—a sorry service, for I got more blows than were meet for my condition. But the worst degradation was the last—the present. I am hired out to a slave of a foreign Italian, who sticks a monkey—aye, a monkey—on my back, and so makes me a beast of burden to the meanest and most disgusting of all beasts! The shameful state of my back you are witnesses to. It is caused by the incessant wriggling contortions of that hideous animal, which jumps upon me fifty times in an hour, with the most callous and insulting indifference. Oh! if there is one state on this earth below all others, it is surely that of a dog reduced to carry a monkey! Many a time have I sought to mark, by a sly bite, my

hatred of my tormentor; but the stick of our common master was ever ready to fustigate my sides or belabour my quarters, till I found it useless to be snappish under the irritation. The far different treatment bestowed on the beastly ape, is to me an aggravation of suffering. That filthy little wretch is made much of: he comes in for a share of the best that the Italian begs, buys, or steals, and at night sleeps on the same rug with him; and he gets but one thrashing to my twenty. They are both now at the public-house that you see yonder, at the other end of the field, near the road. There they are, comfortable enough, no doubt; while I am left here to my wretchedness, till they want me again to-morrow. Such is the story of my woes—I am now resigned to my fate. I cannot go lower, either in condition or feelings. I have but to bear the burthen of life and the monkey a little longer, before Death comes to my relief; and when he does come, I am sure I shall, for the first time since I was a puppy, again wag my tail."

I looked in bewilderment at my friend Bowring, who was too much impressed with the story and scene for immediate utterance. As soon as he could translate his emotions into any given language, he expressed his admiration at so very novel a version of personal history, and hurriedly gave me the heads of the tale. Conflicting impulses chained us awhile to the spot. The warmth of compassion was at our hearts, and the chill of a foggy November night at our extremities. In our uncertainty what to do, we decided that something must be done, By this time, however, it was hard upon midnight, and I am ashamed to say, that we acted on the shabby old pretext that "charity begins at home;" that is to say, we took our departure, though not until the Doctor had administered sympathy to the afflicted dog, telling him, that he might depend upon it that a dog was the happiest creature in the world; that to have a monkey on his back was the best of all possible loads; that a sore back was the best of all possible things for the health; and that the Italian's cudgel was the best of all possible exercise; and, in short, that his present condition was the best of all possible conditions. The dog would not listen to the arguments of the erudite Doctor, who then informed him that his sufferings would soon be all over, as he intended to have a free trade in dogs, monkeys, Italians, and cudgels, which would increase their prosperity, as it had of every thing else, and then he would be the happiest dog alive. The poor brute had not, however, sufficient judgment to understand how this *grand panacea* would alter his condition. He shook his head in dissent, at which the Doctor rose in great wrath, called him a *confounded stupid dog*, and, wishing him a good night, we proceeded home: the Doctor commencing his discourse upon the simplicity of the Dog language, which he said he would write a vocabulary upon, as soon as he went home, and the next day would obtain from the dog some of their music, which he had no doubt would have a strong affinity to the Irish howls made use of at the *waking* of our *sister brethren*.

As we continued our way back to our respective quarters, we talked, (as well as the impertinent chatter of our teeth would allow us,) of the singular piece of experience we had thus encoun-

tered; and we parted for the night with the intention of going again in the morning to see the poor tale-teller and tail-bearer. For this purpose, I was to call on my friend.

It was long ere slumber dispelled my ruminations on the night's adventure. When I awoke the next day, (and before I had ascertained by my watch how late it was,) I drew aside my window-blind to note the complexion of the morning. The fog of the previous night had dissolved into a drizzling rain, the harbinger of a wretched day. I looked into the road, where few and comfortless indications presented themselves, and was about to retire from the unopened window, when I was startled at beholding, on his limping way to town, the identical unhappy dog in question, bestridden by a monkey in dirty military costume, and followed by a surly-looking Italian with a crabbed stick, slouched hat, velveteen jacket, and drugget trowsers. Here was a pretty dilemma! What was to be done? Alas! nothing. My perplexity arising from the suddenness of the sight, the impracticability of the weather, and the unclad condition in which I was, paralyzed me quite. I did, indeed, before the group had passed out of view, make a sign; but it was only seen by the monkey, who made a face in return—and the tantalizing trio were speedily beyond the reach of my aching sight. As I drew on, with a heavy hand, my clothes, I had some thoughts of attempting a forced march on the chance of overtaking them; but a latent feeling of vague apprehension operated to detain me.

After a half-swallowed breakfast, I hurried to my friend Bowring, whose sympathy with the miserable dog rendered his disappointment akin to my own. We agreed, however, that there was about the whole business something so ominously mysterious, as to present, as it were, a "noli prosequi" to our curiosity; and so we resolved to drop inquiry, and, for the present, to abstain from "giving tongue."

I have but one thing to add to this unparalleled statement; and that is to mention, for the satisfaction of all whose doubts it may concern, that Dr. Bowring is ready to afford the weight of his attestation to every particular of the occurrence, so far as he was a spectator of it: nor ought I to omit, while alluding to that gentleman, a piece of intelligence which the public will receive with no inconsiderable gratification, namely, that he has been so deeply impressed with the whole of this wild and remarkable affair, as to have undertaken a volume on the language and poetry of dogs, and its affinity with that of the *Dog-ribbed Indians;* and he asserts that he has discovered their dialect to have a strong similarity to that of those singular Orientals, the *Howling Dervishes.*

MARK MARVEL.

PORTUGAL.

It was one of the dicta of Napoleon, "that a revolution in France is a revolution throughout Europe," and the experience of every hour goes far to confirm the truth of the observation. The clouds of war are gathering most ominously upon our political horizon; Europe resounds with the din of preparation, and presents to the political philosopher an "embroglio," that sports with conjecture and defies calculation.

In the North, we behold Sweden and Norway tranquil amid the general excitement—Denmark happy, though despotically governed—Russia more powerful than ever, preparing for new conquests, haughtily rejecting the mediation of England, and extinguishing the nationality of heroic Poland, who alone, armed with her native fortitude, nobly drew her sword in defence of political independence—Prussia bristling with bayonets, and drawing closer the ties that unite her with the northern Colossus, whose political developement she fears less than the march of liberal ideas—the German confederation opposing an iron barrier to the wants of the age—Austria tranquil within, watching from the lofty summits of the Alps and the Appenines the Italian peninsula, and defying France, while Piedmont is ready to open her gates to her German ally, and to act as an *avant garde* in a crusade against liberty. In the east of Europe, we have the melancholy spectacle of the empire of Constantinople tottering to its base, and the noble efforts of the sultan in the rank of regeneration blasted by the bigoted fanaticism of his people—Greece distracted by internal commotions, the patrimony of brigand chiefs, and exhibiting to the gaze of the world her unfitness for freedom. In the West, Portugal a prey to civil war—Spain, so long coalesced with the powers of the North against constitutional liberty, has suddenly veered round, and set up the standard of liberalism—Ireland bordering on revolt—England occupied with the great work of political reform, the future workings of which appal the timorous, and fill with deep anxiety even its warmest supporters—France torn by factions, and her government reduced to employ as a dernier resource beyond the frontier, that turbulent spirit that every moment threatens her with a general *bouleversement* within—Belgium thrown like a torch of discord amid her neighbours—Holland, openly threatened on one side and secretly supported on the other, rallying *en masse*, unawed by the impending storm, nobly round the throne, and offering her last stiver and her last child to her king, who holds in his hands the destinies of Europe. Such is the spectacle that our Continent presents at the commencement of the year 1833.

What will be the *denouement* of these innumerable difficulties, of this inextricable complication of contending opinions, of hostile systems, of opposite interests—which of the two great principles will ultimately prevail—and who can foretell the results amid the horrible confusion of ideas that reign on every side: in fact, where are

we to look for the thread of events—where is the hand that directs them—who is the presiding genius of the politics of the day? We see nothing but contradiction and incertitude. 1st. Intervention forbidden in one country is loudly called for in a second, and authorized in a third. Thrones erected upon barricades, and kings who govern by popular will, are already abjuring the origin of their power, and imagining themselves reigning by the grace of God, so epidemical is the word; popular revolutions in some cases sanctioned by despotic governments; insurrections that are applauded to the skies when they succeed, and which are followed by dire retribution when they fail. Where shall we find a remedy for these evils—what, after all, has produced the diplomacy of so many conferences, protocols without end, embassies that fixed the attention of Europe, treaties that are destroyed as soon as made, irrevocable decrees that are nevertheless rescinded, ultimatums the exordiums of new negociations, final conventions that are subsequently modified, assurances of peace amid general preparations for war, armies, taxes, loans, a ruinous *statu quo*, a future that appals and that baffles all calculation.

From this troubled ocean of politics—from this chaotic mass of discordant elements—we have selected for the subject of the present paper a nation whose history may be said to be that of European commerce and civilization—one that, for the display of moral and intellectual energies, for boldness of enterprize, wisdom in council, and, above all, just notions of popular rights, has sustained a splendid part in the great drama of human events. To the Briton, the commercial history of this power, from its striking resemblance to that of England, is of absorbing interest. In marking her progress to empire, and the history of her sadder decline, she stands like a beacon on the ocean rocks of Time, to warn him from the shoals that may one day wreck the lofty destinies of his own island. This country is our old and faithful ally, Portugal; on which the eyes of Europe, of the civilized world, are fixed with concentrated gaze, and on whose soil is at present debating the great question of human freedom!

The history of Portugal is briefly told. First in the career of constitutional freedom and maritime discovery, she had attained her culminating point at a period when those nations at present at the head of European civilization were immersed in barbarism, or a prey to internal dissensions. The first blow to her prosperity was struck in the reign of John III., one of the most glorious epochs of her history, by the establishment of the Inquisition; the baneful influence resulting from the creation of this formidable tribunal was soon apparent, in the corruption of the government—in the debasement of the public mind—in the extinction of arts and sciences, and the total interruption of all those causes that civilize a people.

During the sixty years of Spanish dominion that followed the death of Don Sebastian, from 1580 to 1640, the treasures of the state were dissipated, its naval and military power destroyed, its commerce ruined, and her rich colonial possessions torn from her. Restored to political independence, but not to her former greatness, a succession of bigoted and imbecile sovereigns, the slaves of an ambitious and sanguinary priesthood, reduced the nation to a state of moral and po-

litical degradation, of which no adequate idea can be formed but by those intimately acquainted with the character of the Portuguese, and their habits of life. In this state of things, the invasion of Napoleon, and the emigration of the court, filled up the measure of the nation's wrongs; for the exactions of an absentee nobility, and the corruption that pervaded every department of the government, preyed upon every class of the nation excepting the clergy and the government *employés*, till, goaded almost to madness, and encouraged by the example of Spain, the army in the year 1820 overturned the government, and proclaimed a constitution. The attempt to implant the tree of liberty upon a soil rankling with the weeds of centuries of political misrule and corruption proved a splendid failure, and, by a refinement in national degradation, some of the very men who first unfurled the banner of the constitution were instrumental in its overthrow. Among the leaders of that revolution there were undoubtedly some men of exalted minds and unsuspected patriotism, but it is one of the greatest curses that despotism and superstition entail on those countries where they have been long triumphant, that even those great minds by whom the prevalent abuses are perceived, are seldom able to separate those abuses from the great principles of order and religion, of which they usurp and degrade the titles. They detest monarchy, because it is offered to their notice, as a devouring plague; they abhor the church, because they are acquainted with no other system than the Babel of idolatry and cruelty which worried their youth, and kept their riper years in bondage. Such, in fact, were the views of the leading members of the Cortes of 1821. Republicans in politics, latitudinarians in religion, they attacked the monarchy and the church with a zeal that raised up in the nation an inveterate dislike to the new order of things, for they saw their present rulers actuated by one unvarying spirit of hostility against all that they revered. The constitution fell, and its downfall was witnessed with delight by the great majority of the Portuguese people.

The effect of political institutions upon a nation is a topic upon which perhaps more crude and undigested notions have been set afloat, than upon almost any other in the complicated science of political philosophy. One of the leading fallacies is the supposition that free institutions—that is to say, the mere forms of a free government—will of themselves engender a love of freedom, and a knowledge of how it is to be enjoyed. Genuine freedom, that freedom that admits of the greatest latitudes of thought and action of which our nature is capable consistently with virtue, involves in its very essence a multitude of restraints universally, or at least very generally acknowledged by society at large as essential to happiness. Of these restraints an extensive system of self-denial, and of private sacrifices for public good, form an essential part. Again, in its form this must be skilfully adapted to the degree of knowledge in a country, and what is of still more importance, if it be not suited to the habits of the people—to their tastes and prejudices—to the degree of public and private virtue in the community, they become but the symbols of genuine freedom, and hold out little or no prospects of its permanent establishment. We have no notion that in any country, or under any

form of government which the ingenuity of man can devise, that genuine freedom is to be looked for, unless, in addition to a diffused intelligence among the mass, there be a good solid substratum of morals, and, above all, of domestic honour and loyalty. "How ineffectual," said the Roman poet, "are the wisest laws, if they be not supported by good morals."

It is to these considerations that we are led to doubt the possibility of successfully rearing the institutions of freedom upon the Portuguese soil; for if we politically analyse her society through all its gradations, we shall in vain look for a single element of those that we have enumerated, as essential to the solid formation of a free government. Ages of superstition and despotism have extinguished in the nation every germ of civil and military virtue, public and private spirit; and the career of degeneracy has gone on till it can almost proceed no further. In asserting this, we do not pretend to say that the existing order of things can possibly endure in Portugal; we merely advance that, were the government of Miguel overturned to-morrow, and the charter proclaimed in its stead, like but too many of the constitutions of the South American states, it will exist but upon paper, the shadow without the substance of freedom, with which the present race of Lusitanians will perhaps be as well pleased as with the reality itself. Their habits of thought have long been directed into far different channels than those of constitutional freedom. The privileged orders, with few exceptions, are Ultras in their ideas of government; the Liberals, on the other hand, profess the opposite extreme; while the mass of the people will cry, "*Viva o Morra a Constituçaõ*" at the command of their priests. Don Pedro must by this time have found that he has miscalculated the spirit of the nation, and that he has staked his fortune and his life in an ungrateful cause.

The political career of the ex-emperor, Don Pedro, has been singular, nay, even romantic. Driven in childhood from the land of his fathers by the victorious arms of Napoleon, he has since exhibited the curious spectacle of a prince cradled in despotism, advocating liberal institutions, giving three constitutions, and abdicating two crowns, now staking his all in the generous attempt of vindicating his daughter's rights, and destined perhaps, ere many more months elapse, to be again recalled by his Trans-atlantic subjects, to save them from the horrors of anarchy and confusion, towards which they are advancing with gigantic strides.

In Portugal there exists at this moment a powerful party, both of Ultras and Liberals, who are personally hostile to the emperor. To his ambition they one and all attribute the loss of Brazil, the brightest jewel in their country's crown; and the mass of the people, incapable of separating truth from error, give implicit credence to the charge; to which the presence of hundreds, who were reduced from splendid affluence to abject penury by that fierce crusade against every thing European, (that after the declaration of independence raged as furiously in Brazil as in Spanish America,) goes far to give a strong colouring of probability;—while the recollection of the defeats sustained by the veteran legions of Portugal from the raw, undisciplined, and despised Brazilians, still rankle in the bosom of the

army, and constitute a powerful mass of odium towards Don Pedro —a feeling which has been used with consummate skill by the Apostolicals.

It will, we hope, be needless to say, that none of these allegations have any foundation in truth. The example of Spanish America prepared the revolution of Brazil: unable to resist the tide of events, the emperor wisely led the movement, as the only means of preserving that immense empire to the House of Braganza—a measure that had the secret approbation of his father, the late King Don John VI. The charge might with greater justice be laid at the door of the Cortes, who rivalled those of Spain in outraging the feelings of the Colonies, and in insulting their deputies.* The minor charge of exciting a crusade against the European residents is equally unfounded. He did all in his power to mitigate its fury, and it is a well known fact that one of the causes that lost him his crown was his partiality to the European Portuguese—still, and unfortunately too, for the cause of the constitution, the feeling exists, although reared upon falsehood and delusion; and it must be owned that his measures, since his landing in Portugal, have been not calculated to strengthen his party. Ardent in his nature, unsuspecting and generous to a fault, it has been his fate to give too ready an ear to evil-minded councillors. Don Pedro has all along been deceived by the men who at present surround him; he was deceived, first, as to the extent of his party in Portugal, so much so that the very names of the regiments that would join him on his landing were in the mouths of every one. Relying upon this information, he left the Western Islands with a force totally inadequate to the enterprize, which experience has shown is a purely military one. His fleet might have been defeated and scattered on its passage, or his army annihilated two days after its entrance into Oporto, had the Miguelite officers done their duty. Based as his plan of campaign was on the apparently well-grounded supposition of the existence of a strong party in the country in his favour, it should have been his object to have landed on a point of the coast nearest to the spot where the elements of disaffection existed in their greatest mass. This point would have been the capital, the possession of which would have given him that of the whole country; instead of which the liberating army lands at Oporto, where, since the fearful re-action that followed the unsuccessful attempt in 1828, the Constitutional party had been annihilated. Events sufficiently bear out this assertion. Not a person of note, nay scarcely a man, has joined the emperor, and he has hitherto maintained his position almost by a miracle. This was the first error; the second was the abolition of the *dezimo*—a measure that involves the very existence of the church and the aristocracy. Whatever may have been the encroachments of these two orders upon the rights of the people, it must be confessed that the moment for adopting it was singularly unfortunate; for when conciliation should have been his object, we find him issuing an edict calculated to array against him the two most powerful orders of the state. Again, it must not be overlooked that the number of foreigners in his service is another cir-

* Whenever a Brazilian deputy rose to speak in Cortes, they were generally assailed from the galleries with, "Hear the monkey," "Listen to the mulatto," &c.

cumstance also calculated to prejudice his cause among a people, one of whose most marked characteristics is an inveterate dislike to foreigners. In our opinion, had Don Pedro landed in the Bay of Cascaes, at the head only of a few hundred Portuguese followers, he might long ago have been in Lisbon, and the evils of a civil war avoided. Now the question has become a purely military one. To assume the offensive, and march southward, he will require a reinforcement of at least *five thousand* foreign mercenaries—a force, if he possess only the *financial means*, he may easily obtain; then, should he ultimately prove successful, of which there is but little doubt, the country, exhausted by the struggle, will be reduced to a state of bankruptcy, and his entry into Lisbon, to use the words of Talleyrand, will be "*le commencement de la fin.*" Here the career of Don Pedro will terminate, and we only hope, that finding ingratitude his portion, he may not retire from the scene, saying like the Emperor Serverus—

Omni fui et nihil expedit.

It is upon the character of the first Cortes that the hopes of the future regeneration of the country will rest, and the resistance to be overcome, is, it must be confessed, startling,—for the free play of the workings of the new machine will be clogged by the prejudices and private interests of the privileged classes, the nobility and the priesthood, and it will be necessary for each to surrender a portion of its encroachments upon the rights of the people. The system of reform must be sweeping among these two orders before the nation can hope to derive any benefit from the new order of things. It is in the exercise of this reform the most consummate skill and sagacity will be required, for the legislator will in vain look for that generous spirit of freedom that willingly surrenders its individual privileges on the altar of general welfare. The church, we apprehend, will prove the stumbling-block; so widely diffused are its elements of influence, and with such consummate skill are they directed, that both the government and the people have long been accustomed to its despotism, while religious festivals are so artfully disposed through the year, that superstition always wears the garb of pleasure, and often of virtue. To expect that the church will gracefully yield to the exigencies of the times is futile, but to attempt even an outline of the future labours of the Cortes would far exceed the limits of this paper. The number of foreign troops in the service will alone, if we mistake not, cut out for them some serious trouble.

An attentive consideration of the causes we have adduced must convince that the future destinies of Portugal are enveloped in the dark clouds of doubt and uncertainty, and the prospects of her regeneration remote. But, as in ancient Rome, it was regarded as the mark of a good citizen never to despair of the fortunes of the Republic, so the good citizen of the world, whatever may be the political aspect of his own times, will never despair of the fortunes of the human race, but will act upon the conviction that prejudice, slavery, and corruption must gradually give way to truth, liberty, and virtue. Dark as may be now her prospects, we yet hope to see the day when Portugal may once again be free and happy, and occupy a proud place in the scale of nations. +

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

" Heu ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse !"

Mourn, mourn, thou world of antique lore,
Grey-beard Romance and legends hoar,—
Time hath put out the " greater light,"
That made thy firmament so bright—
The sun that rul'd thy day,
And made thy darkness light with its refulgent ray !

The midnight moon hath silver'd now
Giant Ben Lomond's shaggy brow—
The stag hath left the open glade—
The hare hath sought the thicket's shade—
The heath-cock sleeps amid his ling—
The wild duck's head's beneath her wing,—
And mark'st thou not what form is seen
On the wild shore of Loch Katrine?
The waveless lake that sleeps below,
Is not more placid than its brow ;
A laurel chaplet fresh and green,
Reflects the bright moon's holy sheen.
Beside it lies a broken wand—
An airy harp is in its hand—
And ever and anon it flings
Its shadowy fingers o'er the strings,
And as its wild strains rise and swell,
From glen and mountain, rock and dell,
And deep ravine, a ghostly band
That summons hear, and toward the strand,
With noiseless tread, obedient spring,
To pass before their Spirit-King.

With viewless touch the chords are smote,
And scarce has Echo caught the note,
Ere startling from a hidden bay,
Where all conceal'd it lately lay,
And gliding on behold I mark,
With waveless course, a mimic barque—
A maiden's hand, with shadowy oar,
Impels it from the nether shore.
Now the lake's centre it hath made,
And now that mimic barque is stayed ;
Erect and still, as in a trance,
The listening maiden holds her stance.
Fair phantom, say ! didst thou mistake
Those strains which did thy slumbers break,
O'er thy sleep's dream so lately borne,
For those of James Fitz-James's horn ?
But see ! upon the moonlit strand,
The assembled shadows ready stand ;—
Erect of mien and firm of tread,
Proudly thrown back his plumed head,
And stepping from the crowd among,
Fergus Mac Ivor leads the throng ;
And on his arm there hangs a maid
In sober nunnery weeds array'd—

Heroic Flora! all may know
The blood-streak on thy marble brow!
To these a tall gaunt shade succeeds,
Deeply absorb'd, behold it reads—
Lo! Danger, with retracted spear,
Is vainly thundering in its ear;
No dread of harm can disengage
Bradwardine's lord from Livy's page;
And mark you, as it passes now,
The spirit-harper smile and bow?
Kind-hearted baron! good, though brave,
Tho' prompt to smite, yet fain to save!
Green be the sod that wraps thy grave!
But see! what phantom next appears,
It's locks just grizzled o'er with years?
Whose step and carriage give the lie
To its tatter'd woman's drapery?
Erect and tall, observe its stride,
And air of bold triumphant pride!
On, on it glides—its lips are moving,
As tho' some mutter'd charm 'twere proving;
What burthen doth that shadow bear?
'Tis Ellangowan's infant heir!

See, starting next from that dim host,
Fanatic Burley's troubled ghost;
In its right hand a blade it bears,
A Bible in its left appears.
In angry mood it hurries by,
Seeming to threaten vacancy.
But what grotesque and uncouth shade?—
See, see! the whole procession's stayed.
A dwarfish horse the spectre strides,
Yet can it not be said, it rides;
For, urged in vain by whip and spur,
The phantom pony will not stir.
Yes, now he moves—away he goes,
But not the way his rider chose,
For spite of bit and tighten'd rein,
He bears his master back again.
The spirit-harper's visage bland,
Relax'd to see the pony stand;
But when he vanish'd from the crowd,
He fairly ceas'd and laugh'd aloud.

Once more his fingers o'er the strings,
The master-spirit sadly flings;
Another steed advances now—
O! mark its pallid rider's brow!
Those deep, deep furrows graven there,
Nought could have trac'd save blank despair!
Behind him sits a gibbering shade,
In bridal garments new array'd.
Slowly it nears the Spirit King,
Who leaves untouch'd the silent string,
And bows his head in reverence due,
To sorrow of such deadly hue.
Onward it moves—its head is bare,
Saving alone its raven hair.

O! what unutterable woe
Sits hovering o'er its manly brow!
Pass on, poor wreck! thy Caleb waits,
Forgotten all domestic straits,—
In agony he waits the hour
Which brings thee to thy lonely tower!

But mark the shade approaching now
With many a wrinkle on his brow;
Of burgess garb but kingly tread,
His hat adorn'd with saints of lead;
On either side, and in advance,
A horrid crew around him dance;
Their broken necks give no support
To heads that seem to swing in sport;
And as around him, mopping, mowing,
In grinning hideous mockery bowing,
Each with its finger makes him note
The livid mark upon its throat.
Where be thy officers, thou king?
Thy captains of the noose and string?
Thy Scottish heroes of the bow?
(And where their privileges now?)
Art not thou king! and dost not see
That gibbering host is flouting *thee?*
But go—where thou mayst govern well,
Thy subjects, fiends, thy kingdom, hell—
Fit king, where none but devils dwell!

Completely clad from head to heel
In Norman warrior's plated steel,
What knightly spirit next is seen?
He, too, be sure's of kingly mien!
Across his back, obliquely swung,
A ponderous two-hand sword is hung;
To his right heel its point descends,
To his left ear its hilt extends.
King of the lion heart! no name
Needs designate thy giant frame;
Saving thine own alone, no hand
Might hope to wield that mighty brand!

But hark! the black cock winds his horn,
And tells the sleeping woods 'tis morn;
The lake's smooth surface still I mark,
But where's the maiden? where her barque?
And where that dim and noiseless band
That trod but now the moonlit strand?
And where the harp that call'd them there?
But Echo only answers—"where?"

Mourn, mourn, thou legendary world!
O'er thee a funeral pall's unfurl'd;
Thy sun so bright, so much admir'd,
Hath from thy firmament retir'd.
This was thy God's decree:
"Henceforth let darkness be"—
And Scott expir'd!

E. J.

ON THE FRENCH CAVALRY.

Fas est, et ab hoste doceri.

From the days of Hannibal to those of Napoleon, the first place amongst the cavalry of Europe has always been the *apanage* of that of France. The best cavalry in the Roman armies were drawn from Gaul, and Cæsar in more than one place speaks in the highest terms of their valour and discipline. "All the Gauls," says Strabo, "are born soldiers; but their horse is much superior to their foot, and they compose the best part of the Roman cavalry." But the high reputation of the Gallic horse dates from a much earlier period. In the preamble of the relation which Guischardt gives from Polybius, of the cavalry action between the Romans and the Carthagenians on the banks of the Yecinus, we find the following. "In the course of the war, Hannibal made great use of the Gallic horse. Although they were at that period much better armed than the foot, who at Cannæ still fought quite naked, armed only with a sword, it had not at that period the brilliant reputation which it has since acquired. It appears, however, that Hannibal disciplined it with the greatest care, in order to enable it to fight in line with his Spanish cavalry, which his father, his uncle, and himself, had formed upon the principles of Grecian discipline. But subsequently the Gauls became so famous for their cavalry, that they far surpassed the Greeks; so much so, that in the time of Arrian all the terms of equitation were Gallic."

Before and after the Franks had made the conquest of Gaul, they had very little cavalry; it is probable, therefore, that they by degrees adopted in their armies the Gallic cavalry, that bore at that period so high a reputation. At the battle of Tolbeac, Clovis fought at the head of his cavalry. Under Pepin this arm was considerably augmented. Under his son, Charlemagne, it was equal in force to the infantry; and towards the end of the second race, cavalry composed almost entirely the armies of France, and continued so to do until the battle of Navarre, where their gens'-d'armerie, at that time the most formidable in Europe, were totally defeated by the Swiss infantry, which brought that arm into fashion. From this period, to the days of Gustavus Adolphus, cavalry may be said to have greatly degenerated in Europe. Under that warlike prince it again resumed its former importance. Charles XII. made great use of this arm, and the great Frederick was indebted for his most decisive successes to his cavalry, viz. at Strigan, Sohr, Kesselhor. The battle of Kosbock was decided by some squadrons, and it was Seidlitz, with the cavalry, who re-established the affair of Zorndorf, and saved the wrecks of the Prussian infantry at Hochkirch. In the wars of the revolution, the cavalry of France, although inferior in numbers and organization to the Germans, performed prodigies.

"The French cuirassiers," says Count von Bismark, who both as an enemy and as an ally, had ample opportunities of estimating their military qualities, "the French cuirassiers have formed an era in modern wars. Their intrepidity saved the army from total destruction at Essling. Napoleon frequently employed them to carry batteries, entrenchments, and even the strongest redoubts, particularly at the murderous conflict of the Borrodino, where they carried the famous redoubt, defended by the division of Paskevitch, the tactical key of the Russian position; in fact, such was the glory which this cavalry had acquired, that 'brave as our cuirassiers' became a proverb."

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Fas est, et ab hoste doceri.

From the days of Hannibal to those of Napoleon, the first place amongst the cavalry of Europe has always been the *apanage* of that of France. The best cavalry in the Roman armies were drawn from Gaul, and Cæsar in more than one place speaks in the highest terms of their valour and discipline. "All the Gauls," says Strabo, "are born soldiers; but their horse is much superior to their foot, and they compose the best part of the Roman cavalry." But the high reputation of the Gallic horse dates from a much earlier period. In the preamble of the relation which Guischardt gives from Polybius, of the cavalry action between the Romans and the Carthagenians on the banks of the Yecinus, we find the following. "In the course of the war, Hannibal made great use of the Gallic horse. Although they were at that period much better armed than the foot, who at Cannæ still fought quite naked, armed only with a sword, it had not at that period the brilliant reputation which it has since acquired. It appears, however, that Hannibal disciplined it with the greatest care, in order to enable it to fight in line with his Spanish cavalry, which his father, his uncle, and himself, had formed upon the principles of Grecian discipline. But subsequently the Gauls became so famous for their cavalry, that they far surpassed the Greeks; so much so, that in the time of Arrian all the terms of equitation were Gallic."

Before and after the Franks had made the conquest of Gaul, they had very little cavalry; it is probable, therefore, that they by degrees adopted in their armies the Gallic cavalry, that bore at that period so high a reputation. At the battle of Tolbeac, Clovis fought at the head of his cavalry. Under Pepin this arm was considerably augmented. Under his son, Charlemagne, it was equal in force to the infantry; and towards the end of the second race, cavalry composed almost entirely the armies of France, and continued so to do until the battle of Navarre, where their gens'-d'armerie, at that time the most formidable in Europe, were totally defeated by the Swiss infantry, which brought that arm into fashion. From this period, to the days of Gustavus Adolphus, cavalry may be said to have greatly degenerated in Europe. Under that warlike prince it again resumed its former importance. Charles XII. made great use of this arm, and the great Frederick was indebted for his most decisive successes to his cavalry, viz. at Strigau, Sohr, Kesselhor. The battle of Kosbock was decided by some squadrons, and it was Seidlitz, with the cavalry, who re-established the affair of Zorndorf, and saved the wrecks of the Prussian infantry at Hochkirch. In the wars of the revolution, the cavalry of France, although inferior in numbers and organization to the Germans, performed prodigies.

"The French cuirassiers," says Count von Bismark, who both as an enemy and as an ally, had ample opportunities of estimating their military qualities, "the French cuirassiers have formed an era in modern wars. Their intrepidity saved the army from total destruction at Essling. Napoleon frequently employed them to carry batteries, entrenchments, and even the strongest redoubts, particularly at the murderous conflict of the Borrodino, where they carried the famous redoubt, defended by the division of Paskevitch, the tactical key of the Russian position; in fact, such was the glory which this cavalry had acquired, that 'brave as our cuirassiers' became a proverb."

There is something in the impetuous gallantry of the French nation that wonderfully fits them for excelling in this arm, and which in the late wars counterbalanced their great inferiority in materiel, equitation, organization, and especially in the care of their horses, in which they are as much excelled by the Russian and German cavalry, as they are superior, excepting in the first particular, to the British. "The result of a hundred battles," says Colonel Napier, "and the united testimony of impartial writers of different nations, have given the first place among the European infantries to the British, but in a comparison between the troops of France and England, it would be unjust not to admit, that the cavalry of the former rank higher in the estimation of the world." A violent outcry has been raised in our military circles against this observation, but the study of military history, the true school of war, will, we think, prove the assertion to rest upon a solid foundation.

The causes of this superiority may be sought for in the system pursued by the French government in the organization and formation of this arm, of which we subjoin a brief outline.

Formation of a French regiment of cavalry of the line.

Every French regiment of cavalry of the line is composed of six squadrons of forty-eight files, (not including the encadrement.) Consequently every division is composed of twenty-four files, and every peloton or sub-division of twelve. If the squadron musters sixty-four files, the sub-division is then divided into two sections. The following table will show the number and composition of its officers.

Staff.	*Squadron.*	
Colonel.	Captain Commandant.	
Lieutenant Colonel.	2 Captains.	
2 Chefs d'Escadrons.	2 First Lieutenants.	
Major.	2 Second Lieutenants.	
Capitaine instructeur en chef.	1 Mareschal des Loges, (chef) Serjeant Major.	
Adjudant Major.	8 Marechaux des Loges.	
Paymaster.	16 Brigadiers.	
Inspector of Clothing.	1 Fourier.	
Standard Bearer.	1 Quarter Master.	
1 Surgeon.	Adjutant.	Petit etât Majors.
2 Assistant Surgeons.	2 Veterinary Surgeons.	
	3 Farriers.	
	18 Trumpeters.	

In the formation of a corps, great care is taken to select recruits from the agricultural districts. Brought up among horses, accustomed to their management and care, they necessarily become attached to them; whilst the recruit drawn from the mountain or manufacturing districts of a country, looks for some time upon his horse as his most redoubtable enemy. To think of making dragoons of such men is preposterous, for their utter neglect and want of care of their chargers, causes a much greater consumption of horses than even the casualties of war.* Not only is this indiscriminate system of enlistment avoided, but the still more ridiculous practice of forming their light cavalry of men who in stature and weight are equal to heavy dragoons. The men of their heavy cavalry regiments, particularly the cuirassiers and carabineers, are of gigantic stature, and their horses little inferior to those of our household

* Previous to the revolution of July, there was but one entire regiment of lancers in the French service, but the first and second squadrons of every regiment of chasseurs were composed of this arm. Since that event, the cavalry has been partially re-organized upon the ancient system.

troops, while the personel and materiel of the light cavalry is admirably fitted for their more active duties in the field.* The inferiority of the French horses, which during the late war so frequently told against them, will now be found to no longer exist. The government has been indefatigable in establishing haros, which now furnish a sufficient number of horses for the cavalry remounts, and of a very superior breed, presenting a fine combination of blood and bone, strength and activity. Accustomed to be exercised on every variety of ground, they are uncommonly sure footed, and from being less pampered than our cavalry horses, are much more fitted for the bivouac. The interior economy that also prevails throughout these regiments, and the strict attention to minute details are extraordinary. A well-graduated system of responsibility, from the colonel to the brigadier, produces an ensemble of discipline, without the employment of those stern and degrading measures, that disgrace our military code, and demoralize the soldier.

Convinced that instruction can only be established upon a solid basis, but by uniting *theory* with practice, there is in every French regiment of cavalry a course of theoretical study to be followed, independent of the field exercises.

From the 1st of November to the 1st of May, the lieutenant colonel of the regiment examines the captains at least twice a week, on the theory of the different branches of their duty. The two chefs d'escadron are always present, one of whom supplies his place in case of absence. The instructeur en chef assembles for the same purpose the lieutenants and sub-lieutenants, and an "officier instructeur" the non-commissioned officers and corporals.

The practical instruction is divided into instruction on foot and on horseback; into winter and summer exercises.

The two former comprise the drill of the dragoons.

Drill of the peloton or sub-division.

Drill of the squadron; each of which is divided into four parts.

Winter Exercise.

From the 1st of November to the 1st of May the regiment is divided into three classes.

The first class is composed of the oldest non commissioned officers, corporals and privates, the second of those next in the order of instruction, and the third is composed of recruits.

Exercise on Foot.

The first and second classes are exercised once a week in the drill of the sub-division; and the third five times a week successively in the drill of the dragoons and the drill of the sub-division. The non-commissioned officers, corporals and privates, on rejoining the corps after congé or sickness, are placed in the second class.

Exercise on Horseback.

The first class are not exercised during the months of November, December, and January, but they execute once a week a military march with their arms and baggage. From the 1st of February to the 1st of May they are exercised three times a week, passing successively through the three and four lessons, and the drill of the sub-division. During the term that this class is not exercised on horseback, the dragoons are taught to take to pieces every part of their arms and appointments, to saddle, bridle, and load their horses, and above all, the duties of videttes, patrolles and skirmishers; the course followed by the other two classes is precisely the same, differing only in frequency of their exercises. During

* Our hussar regiments ride heavier than any of our dragoon guards; and the men of the 8th hussars are, after the life guards, the tallest in the army.

the same term the lieutenants and sub-lieutenants exercise twice a week in the riding school of the regiment; and those who are not found perfect in their instruction are attached to the different classes. The instruction of the remounts also takes place three times a week.

Summer Exercise—Drill on Foot.

On the 1st of May the three classes commence the drill of the sub-division. The two former are exercised twice a week, and the latter thrice.

Drill on Horseback.

On the 1st of May the first and second classes commence the drill of the squadron; they are exercised three times a week. The remounts formed during the winter, are now admitted into the squadrons. At this period the squadron *d'instruction* is formed; it is composed of sub-divisions, taken successively from every squadron in the corps. This squadron is exercised by the "instructeur en chef," the second captain acting as *serve file*. From the 15th of July the squadrons are exercised altogether *three times* a week in all the branches comprised under the title of "*evolutions de regiment:*" these exercises are continued to the 15th of September, and from that period until the end of October, the regiment is exercised alternately in the evolutions and manœuvres of war. For this purpose the colonel takes the field with his corps as often as he has the opportunity, in order to accustom them to manœuvre on every variety of ground, and to make the application of the evolutions to the different localities. Whenever the regiment is assembled, the colonel orders the superior officers to manœuvre it, in order to judge of the degree of their instruction; he also occasionally obliges the young officers to exercise a command superior to their grade.

In all formations, deployments, and changes of direction of the close column, sub-division movements have been substituted in the French cavalry to the movements by fours. This method is found to render less subordinate the regularity of the evolutions to the intelligence of the individual, and to the casualties of action, for the loss of one or of several files invariably produces great disorder in the movements by fours; it also obviates the serious inconvenience of going about by fours, of manœuvring with the rear rank in front, and obliging the officers to gallop round the flanks to resume their places in front; for in the French service the sub-division officers are always in front of their respective pelotons. Notwithstanding that in the cavalry of all the continental powers, the movements by threes and fours have been abandoned, excepting when necessary to resume a lost interval, or to gain a few paces towards either flank, and that the obvious advantage of sub-division movements have been recognized by many of our most distinguished cavalry tacticians, the former system is still retained in our service. But while the military science is lamentably neglected in this country, the great military powers on the continent, spare neither labour nor expense to extend its cultivation.

They feel the necessity of accustoming their troops during peace to all the manœuvres and details of a campaign, and act upon this conviction by the formation of vast camps of instruction at least once a year. The obvious utility of these camps must be felt by every military man; for if a knowledge of the science of war is to be acquired by any thing short of actual experience in the field, it is to be done at these annual exercises. Here the cavalry are taught all the various details of active service—to reconnoitre, to forage, to attack close and open, and to manœuvre *en masse*, on every variety of ground, as in the presence of an enemy. Independent of these advantages, officers have the opportunity of acquiring the *coup d'œil*, and the practice so necessary for combining the employ-

ment of the three arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery; of placing them according to the ground, and the object they may have in view; and of skilfully combining the action of the qualities peculiar to each.

How different is the system pursued by us! Not the slightest resemblance to any of the movements that occur in a campaign are ever attempted by our cavalry. A young officer on joining his corps, after a few lessons in the riding school, takes his place in the ranks, and is taught to preserve it through a few evolutions, the application of which he does not even comprehend. He picks up a few crude, undigested ideas from his superiors at the mess, goes daily through the mechanical practice of drills, and the ordinary routine of parades, marches once a year from London to Windsor, and gallops once or twice during the same period, at Hounslow or Wormwood Scrubs, through a few manœuvres—set down in the rules and regulations. In the course of a very few years, by interest and purchase, he is called to the command of the regiment, and consequently to instruct others in what he has neglected to learn himself. The results of this system must be obvious: the regiment takes the field, is beaten, and the lives of hundreds are sacrificed through ignorance and incapacity. In hazarding these observations on the British cavalry, it must be understood that our censure applies to the system, and not to the arm; the defective nature of which, none are more sensible of than our cavalry themselves, who feel that it is only by closely following the example of the great military powers on the continent, that their arm is to be brought to perfection. We are aware that in the formation of camps of instruction, government would meet with great opposition, both in and out of parliament. The radical press would view them as the forerunner of military despotism, a certain class of honourable members would calculate their expense with counting-house minuteness, and in the contemplation of pounds, shillings and pence, overlook their obvious utility. But economy, like every thing else, may be carried too far, and may even defeat itself. At this moment, in many branches of the public service, this truth is most lamentably apparent. It is also vain to say that we are not a military power. If it be judged expedient to keep on foot a large body of cavalry, the commonest dictates of reason point out the necessity of bringing this arm to the greatest state of perfection of which it is susceptible. No nation, in fact, possesses finer cavalry elements than Great Britain. Warnery, the friend and companion in arms of the celebrated Seidlitz, in his remarks upon the cavalry of the different European powers, speaks in the following terms of the British. "Les Anglais ont tout ce qu'il faut pour former une excellente cavalrie et même de toute espece; leurs dragons legers doivent surpasser tout ce qu'il a vu en ce genre." As neither our race of men nor our breed of horses have degenerated since the days of Warnery, (a high authority when he wrote this,) we may safely conclude, that under an efficient system, the cavalry of England would enjoy as high a reputation as her infantry.

No former period has produced so many works upon the science of war as the present. The tactics of infantry and artillery have been greatly improved, whilst those of cavalry have remained stationary, which proves, that military men are imperfectly acquainted with the arm; and also, that great cavalry officers are rare. Von Bismark's celebrated treatise, and which, after all, is only the revival of an ancient Prussian regulation, has not advanced it a step. The formation of cavalry, and its employment, its organization and arms, is still the subject of much controversy among tacticians. But in writing upon the art of directing the movements of any particular arm, it is indispensable to know beforehand, what have been the opinions of those officers who have the most distinguished themselves in it. Thus, in composing a good treatise upon fortification and artillery, it would be impossible to avoid speaking of Vauban and Gribeauval.

Of all the cavalry officers, the most justly celebrated, he who has the most advanced this arm, and performed the greatest thing with it, is the celebrated Seidlitz, one of the most esteemed of the great Frederick's generals. It is to Seidlitz that the Prussian cavalry, and consequently all the cavalries of Europe, owe their best and their principal evolutions. Seidlitz died, without having published any thing upon the mechanism of an arm, of which he had discovered all the resources, and the tactics of which he had carried to so high a pitch of perfection; but his friend and companion, General Warnery, whom Frederick said it was impossible to recompense as often as he deserved—Warnery, who, by a skilful manœuvre, prevented at Prague the Prussian army from being taken *à revers*, Warnery has written on cavalry, remarks of the highest interest, and which may in fact be considered as the expression of Seidlitz's opinions, whose doctrines and actions he constantly cites in support of his arguments. This work is unquestionably the best that has been published in any language upon cavalry, and one that should be profoundly meditated by every young cavalry officer.

Great cavalry officers we have said, are rare; and the annals of the late wars will bear out our assertion. A rare combination of extraordinary qualities, but seldom found united in one individual, are required to form a cavalry general. The fire of youth, the prudence of mature age, the *coup d'œil* of an eagle, fertility of conception, rapidity of execution, an impetuous courage, that will bear down all obstacles. Such was Seidlitz, one of those brilliant meteors that illuminate the military horizon of the world, at intervals, long and far between;* but one, which we one day hope to see spring from the ranks of the British cavalry.

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To the Editor of the Metropolitan.

Mr. Editor,

To scare blue devils from their pranks infernal,
I took one night a retrospective glance
Over a recent Number of your Journal,
And hit upon a passage,† quite by chance,
Where Pathos seem'd so blended with Romance,
That Moodiness could hardly understand;
Till, finding you in so jocose a vein,
I took your diapason, to command
My tone of mind in concord with your strain,
Which, having done, I tried my luck again;
And as you broach'd your mirthful discontent,
Sublime, grotesque, and fanciful lament,
I now could seize the points of merry jeer,
Of which one hit alone seem'd too severe,—
Severe, because infirmity should find
An Ægis in the pity of mankind;—
And hoping that Compassion will extend
Her sure palladium to an injured friend,
I profit by the present opportunity,
To show how just his claim to such immunity,

* Murat was rather a brilliant than a good cavalry tactitian; still he has proved what in this arm may be done by impetuous courage alone.

† Metropolitan, No. XVII. page 28.

While, to avoid the odium of tautology,
I leave these lines to plead their own apology.

To come, then, to the point of this oration,—
You talk of Turner's pompous affectation
In painting atmospheres of pure gamboge,
Which the sun's western rays would tinge with rouge,
And say that nature's face, by him adorn'd, is
For all the world as though she had the jaundice.
I do not care to challenge this position,
But beg, sir, to observe, with due submission,
That artists give such frequent contemplation
To all the varied objects of creation,
That oft the germs of national disasters
Seem first discover'd by these crafty masters,
And fructify in their imagination
Before the destin'd time of consummation.
Thus Robson must undoubtedly have glean'd
Some well-depicted presage of the fiend,
Who, in a way which none can understand,
Hath spread blue cholera throughout the land;
And we may guess that such an apparition
Left the poor artist in a sad condition,
When, like Sir Isaac Newton's solar spectre,*
It made each object serve as a reflector;
And vilified to him the atmosphere,
Just as the thunder-storm might spoil our beer.
And who can tell how soon the sons of Britain
With other fearful scourges may be smitten?
How soon may Turner's jaundice range the nation
With geographical † communication!
Some new phenomena of heaven and earth
May find spontaneous offspring at its birth,
And spite of all that Boards of Health can do,
Make those look yellow who would not look blue.
Let us then act with prudence and distrust,
And, if not grateful, prove that we are just
To those who nobly risk their own repute
By picturing what sceptics dare dispute;
Nor let our spleen induce untimely railings
E'en at a fellow-mortal's real failings;
For mercy is the brightest beam of love
Which Heaven accords to man to light his soul above.

S. S. S.

* "And now, in a few hours' time, I had brought my eyes to such a pass, that I could look upon no bright object with either eye but I saw the sun before me, so that I durst neither write nor read; but to recover the use of my eyes, I shut myself up in my chamber, made dark, for three days together, and used all means to divert my imagination from the sun; for if I thought upon him, I presently saw his picture, though I was in the dark."—*Letter from Sir Isaac Newton to Locke; see Lord King's Life of Locke*, page 406, 8vo. ed.

† "According to Dr. Granville's definition, the cholera is a disease which four-fifths of the people of Europe, and a large proportion of those of Asia and Africa, have, through dear-bought experience and personal observation, learned to view only as the spontaneous offspring of celestial and terrestrial phenomena acting on the animal system in each geographical district, independently of each other, and without the necessity of intercommunication."—*Granville's Catechism of Health*, preface, page x.

EGOTISM.

A STAGE-COACH ESSAY.

"Of good and evil much they argued then,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy."
MILTON.

"Σοφῳ γαρ αισχρον εξαμαρτηνειν."
ÆSCHYLUS.

"IT is my decided conviction that that distinctive quality in the organization of mind, which induces a man to be perpetually thinking, talking, and writing about himself, is one that should be regarded as a virtue, instead of being stigmatized as a foible, and not unfrequently as a decided vice. This is my position, and *I* am prepared to defend it against a world in arms."

Such, as well as I can recollect, was the commencement of a conversation which I had with an outside fellow-traveller, on one of the stage-coaches that travel between Manchester and Birmingham. The person who had put forward the startling paradox, was a man apparently about fifty years of age. The ornament to his head was one of those bluish-black oily wigs, intended to represent the graceful and flowing locks of youth, but which, contrasting with the old and cadaverous countenance it invested, could only serve to remind the spectator of *an oak coffin mounted with jet clasps*. His whiskers were ponderous specimens of the quantity of hair a man may carry on his face, without being either smothered or blinded by it—they were as dark as if the blacking brush of "the matchless member" had been applied to them, except where a passing shower had perhaps denuded one stray and bristly hair of its extraneous colouring—that solitary and venerable grey hair, as it stood boldly out from the phiz of its owner, looked to me like a patriarchal *white Adam* of the hispidine race, gazing with wonder at the *negro* offspring with which he was surrounded. The traveller's hat, from its shape and colour, was evidently an antique; yet it had a smartness, and an affected foppishness in its smoothness, which as ill assorted with its age, as would be the tasteless scouring of an Edward coin, to make it look like a sparkling farthing of "William the Reformer." The garments of this individual were evidently old in their cut and materials, and though the nondescript wore a dark ribbon round his neck, as if an eye-glass were appended to it, yet he bore upon the extremity of a very long, and an extremely red nose, a pair of thin silver spectacles, over which gazed a pair of black, staring eyes. To this day, it has been a puzzle to me to classify the *homo*—whether as a traveller to a mercantile house—a lawyer's clerk—or "a poor player." I am certain that he did not, though resembling each of these in some points, belong to any one of them. My only conjecture respecting him, which bears the semblance of a probability, is, that he was a peripatetic lecturer on short-cuts to education—one of those system-mongers who "*undertake* to teach Greek and Latin in three lessons," "a bold mercan-

tile hand in four lessons," or, "in six lessons make perfect their pupils in all the mysteries of stenography."

"Yes, sir," he continued, "I am a decided egotist. I maintain that egotism is a quality, or, in my opinion, a virtue, which every wise man should advocate, and every honest man practise: it is, at the same time, an inducement to the individual to do good; and it is a defence against the machinations of the bad."

"Really," I observed, "this is a new view of the subject. I have always regarded the egotist as a man so anxious to take care of himself, as to be very regardless of the feelings, or the wants of others."

The philosopher continued. "Prejudice, sir, rank and vulgar prejudice, adopted without consideration, and should be abandoned without remorse. Look through the world—and what will you find to be the propelling motive to every good action? I say it is *egotism*. What is it makes the young man marry the woman he loves? What causes him to disregard even the selfish consideration of riches? It is not that he does not like wealth, which is, after all, a very good thing. No; but he marries to render himself happy, in the first instance, next the woman happy, and, lastly, to add to the general stock of human felicity. What, then, is the duty of a good citizen? Certainly, to be an egotist—to look to the providing for himself first. He knows that *he can serve himself*—how can he possibly be certain of the manner in which he should serve *another*? What he does for others may be most distasteful, perhaps injurious to them; and, instead of thanks, he may receive their well-merited curses for his thinking of them, when he should have been only mindful of himself. The individual, then, who forwards himself in the world—who obtains wealth, power, and independence, no matter how others may fare, can pride himself upon the reflection, that 'he,' at least, 'has done his duty.' Let each man imitate the excellent example—let him take care of himself, and the country will be composed of persons who have realized that El Dorado in politics—the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number.

"That egotism leads to virtue—that it, in fact, is the *substratum*, without which no virtue can be raised in the soul, is a proposition so self-evident, that I think it hardly requires illustration. What are the characters that most disgrace society in this country? Are they not 'the drunkards,' and 'the spendthrifts?' And yet it is said of them by the lower orders of society, who profit by their vices, 'that *they* are only *their own enemies*;' that is, 'that THEY ARE NOT EGOTISTS.' Take the converse of the proposition—the egotist *cannot* be a drunkard, nor a spendthrift. The egotist will not immerse his senses in beastly intoxication; nor will he spend in vice that fortune which he could have employed for good purposes. It may then be said, that egotism will induce a man to heap up money in large masses, and live a miser, like Elwes, or Dancer. The objection is not tenable: a man who is fond of himself, will not, while he has the means, starve upon the meanest garbage, when he can procure the most nutritious viands. Insanity may make a man a miser, but egotism will induce him to acquire wealth, and also teach him how to enjoy it. Mark, then, how egotism will steer a rich man safely through the

world: it will show him how to shun the Scylla of profligacy on the one hand, and the Charybdis of parsimony on the other.

"Rashness in danger characterizes the foolish man; bravery is ever known to protect the egotist, who will neither run away, lest he should be called a coward, nor push heedlessly into peril, which a regard for his personal safety will teach him to shun, as long as he can with character avoid it.

"I could cite instances in every ancient and modern author, to show that the greatest men enumerated by them, were the most superlative egotists. It was egotism made Alexander Magnus a conqueror, and, as Cicero mentions, induced him to ordain that no one should presume to draw a picture of him but Apelles, nor any individual dare to form a brazen statue of him but Lysippus. It was the same noble spirit of egotism that urged him to identify his name with the recollections of posterity, which induced him to make the decree, in order that posterity might possess a correct image of him. I can well fancy the hero saying to himself, '*I* have conquered the world—*I* will hereafter be spoken of as the greatest of men—and *I* will have posterity looking at *my* picture, and contemplating *my* figure.' These, sir, are splendid sentiments; it is such sentiments that induce men to do gallant actions."

The clouds, which had been lowering for some time, here began to let fall a few drops of rain. The Egotist raised his umbrella, as he continued:—

"It is only necessary for a person like myself, who is deeply read in classical lore, to come to the conclusion that egotism is the distinguishing quality of great, noble, heroic, and virtuous men. For instance, what finer specimen is there of this than that afforded by the poet Virgil, where Nisus, in the hope of saving the life of his friend Euryalus, breaks out into the following piece of egotism:—

> "'*Me, me; adsum* qui feci: in *me* convertite ferrum,
> O Rutuli! *mea* fraus omnis.'

"I consider that egotism cannot be confined to the higher classes, but that even a vulgar mechanic may, by attending to its dictates, raise himself to a species of immortality upon earth. I know not a stronger instance of this than can be found in the history of Mamurius. He was a humble maker of pot-lids, and when in the reign of Numa, a shield, designated '*ancile*,' fell from heaven, and which was the very personification of a pot-lid, because it was '*ab omni parte recisum*,' and as Ovid continues to observe, '*quemque notes oculis angulus omnis abest.*' This shield, or pot-lid, it was determined to preserve from the grasp of an enemy, and that the real one should not be known, eleven others were made by Mamurius, so like the original, that the celestial '*ancile*' could not be distinguished from the earthly '*ancilia.*' Mamurius was asked what reward he would receive for his ingenuity. Instead of naming a vulgar sum of money which would have been soon expended, he demanded to have his name handed down to posterity as the maker of the shields, and that the Salii should repeat it at the termination of their hymns in honour of the god of war. This was genuine egotism—and what is the con-

sequence? Ovid says in his 'Faste' of him, '*Inde sacerdotes operi promissa vetusto præmia persolvunt, Mamuriumque vocant;*' and Propertius speaks of him thus, '*Ad tibi, Mamuri, formæ celator æne.*' There was genuine egotism for you! There the true distinctive demonstration of genius; for what 'pot-lid maker,' 'shield-constructor,' or 'brass-work manufacturer,' will be recollected as long as the old but truly philosophical mechanic, Mamurius? The man who could think as he did at that time would, in the present age, make a steam coach ascend the Pyrenees.

"Religion may be said to make a man good. As egotism prompts a man to take care he does not suffer any slight inconvenience *here*, it will also urge him not to do any thing which may annoy him *hereafter*. What, then, does religion, virtue, fame, morality, every thing good and valuable, merge themselves into?—*egotism*—that very quality which is abused by the ignorant, and sneered at by the half-learned.

"But egotism does not stop here—it instigates a man to do the most kind, generous, and benevolent actions, and frequently to offer a sacrifice to the feelings of others; for ——"

The rain was now coming down in torrents, my eloquent companion was sheltered from it by his umbrella; but there sat beside him a poor sickly boy, to whom he never offered the slightest assistance—upon this unfortunate creature the umbrella was pouring an accumulation of waters, which descended on him like a river. The egotist remained unmoved—he would neither give the child a covering, nor lower his umbrella. I was still arguing with him, upon the cruelty and inhumanity of his conduct, when the weather-beaten sea captain, who was sitting beside me, rose angrily from his seat, and by a sudden jerk, whirled the egotist into the middle of a muddy road! The feat was performed so suddenly and so adroitly, that no one had time to cry out against it, before the metaphysician had disappeared, and when he was off the coach, none thought it worth their while to apprise the coachman of what had occurred.

On turning round, we saw my eloquent, classical, philosophical fellow-traveller, the egotist, still sprawling on the miry road. By the time that we were a quarter of a mile distant from him, we could perceive him, after a great deal of floundering, rise begrimed with mud—his bald head deprived of its juvenile black wig, and his ponderous inky whiskers gone from his lank jaws—he stood, a shivering statue of dirty and dilapidated finery, in the centre of a bleak and miserable highway!

"Such," thought I, "such is selfishness deprived of its gaudy covering of hypocrisy—such is egotism despoiled of its shallow pretensions to virtue."

W. B.

LIKES AND BELIEFS—A Sketch.

I like to think, because it shows that one is independent; and I like idleness because it shows that one can afford it. I like to read a good book, because there is some chance of getting at plunder; and I like a bad book because it shows one one's own superiority: and I like fat and ignorant people for the same reason.

> "Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
> He thinks too much—such men are dangerous."

I like exclusiveness, because it is a proof, that cannot be gainsayed, of a genteel education; and I like liberality, particularly if it be at the expense of others. I like orthodoxy, because I am not given to blunders; and I like Dissenters, because they furnish matter for controversy, as well as an opportunity for showing a charitable disposition. I like persecution, because I have a tolerable quantity of spleen to vent upon its advocates; and I like "civil and religious liberty all over the world," because it is generally toasted in full chorus, and is accompanied with cordials for the stomach. I like metaphysics, because they are mysterious—because the unintelligible and the absurd *seem* to me marching somewhither with a vengeance! and I like political economy, because it talks about wealth, "about it and about it." And why should I like it because it talks about wealth? Just in the same manner, and just for the same reason, as I should like to see the comet. It is to me, at least, who am but a fraction of the British community—"the illustrious stranger."

Pass we now from likes to beliefs, and I still feel myself, gentle reader, to be the "Proteus" of your creeds, as well as your talents. I believe, with the author of the article "Antiquities," in the Encyclopædia Britannica, that the ancient religion was well adapted to satisfy the cravings of the imagination; and I believe with Plato, in his poetical republic, that its gods were such as could not with decency be admitted into a virtuous community. I believe with the ancient philosophers, who drew up nothing but quicksand, that Truth is to be found at the bottom of a well; and I believe, with the modern retailers of wisdom, that she crieth in the streets and proclaimeth herself from the house-tops. I believe with Bentham, that it is far more important that other people should know what I think, than that I should know what other people think; and I believe with all modern professors of the critical art,

> "That index-learning turns no student pale,
> Yet holds the eel of Science by the tail."

I believe with Hobbes that all government is nothing but coercion; and I believe with Bentham that all law is an infraction of liberty, and that they who preach independence are sure of being listened to. I believe with the same writer, that legislation, as a science, is based upon an accurate and extensive knowledge of human nature; and I believe with his translator, Dumont, that it is difficult to teach it in any country where you can find masters sooner than disciples. I believe with the Tories that self-preservation is one of our primary and most important instincts, and I believe with the Destructives that a general plunder would be something like "giving a benefit" to a *sans-culotte* who might happen to be shifty. I believe with the Radicals that it is a bitter joke to be kept at bay, after a glorious victory, by men who have fought with you in the same regiment; and I believe with the Whigs that there is a *juste milieu* in all things, and that to get rid of inconvenient friends, who wish to

> "Keep up the row they had previously kicked,"

is equally difficult and desirable. Finally, I believe with all the modern *illuminati*, that reason is gradually perfectionating itself, and that the world is approximating to its grand climacteric; and, on the other hand, I believe with Sir Thomas Carlisle, of the "Edinburgh Review," that wisdom is not of yesterday, that the ancients invented glass which the moderns find hard enough to grind into spectacles, and that the march of intellect is like that of a spavined horse, "all action and no go."

THE FAT GENTLEMAN'S COMPLAINT.

A MOURNFUL DITTY.

"Ah me! that I was rather thin!"
How oft I utter that!
Surely quadrilles I would begin,
If I were not so fat.

Down country dances I can go,
(Things heavy can go down,)
Regardless of each lady's toe,
Unheeding lady's frown.

But sooth to say, I'd rather stand
A happy gazer by,
And view the light and cheerful band
Through their quick mazes fly.

And so I stood—the music rang—
The fair looked doubly fair;
As on elastic feet they sprang,
They seem'd embodied air.

To me the gracious hostess came
Smiling with treach'rous glance,
Led me, unwilling, to a dame,
Who wilfully would dance.

Her age was that mysterious one
That never yet was told,
Which smiling sees years onward run—
Years make not ladies old.

Her face was that on which was writ
In rather a strong trace,
So many lines of sense and wit,
That wrinkles found no place.

Her figure was that goodly size
That the well-favour'd kine
Show'd to king Pharaoh's close-shut eyes;
In fact, 'twas just like mine.

I led my prize in triumph forth,
What transports then were mine!
As east and west, and south and north,
Our bodies we incline.

The Spanish dance I think 'twas call'd,
The dance my partner lov'd,
She heel'd, I reel'd—she crawl'd, I sprawl'd—
As waltzing down we mov'd.

As through the whirling dance we haste,
Her waist t' encircle round,
My precious time I did not waste—
No waist on her was found.

If mirth t' excite and merriment
By dancing is t' excel,
None can my belle and I prevent,
From bearing off the bell.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

REPORTING, EDITING, SPECULATING, AND PROPRIETORSHIPS.

" Hear, land o' cakes, from John o' Groats,
If there's a hole in aw your coats,
I rede you tent it,
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

In describing the condition of the newspaper press, our object is to benefit the public, by accelerating a change of those laws which have tended to its degradation; and we trust that we may be conducive to an improvement of its character, even before it is relieved from the unwholesome restrictions imposed upon it by government. In pursuing these laudable objects, we abstain from much personality. Our wish is, not to attack individuals, but to expose a system, which has grown up under bad laws that have perverted an engine of the greatest benefit to the community, into a mere object of traffic, to be bartered very often by needy, illiterate, and unprincipled men.

The superior intelligence and increased public spirit of the present day, have rendered the truly barbarous laws of libel almost innoxious, and we doubt if a jury would now restrain its expressions of disgust and indignation, were a recent scene to be repeated, in which Judge Bayley reproved an arbitrary attorney-general for availing himself of a technicality in proceedings, in order to gain an unfair advantage over an editor of a newspaper at trial for a libel. It struck us as an error peculiarly culpable in the "Morning Chronicle," that, in drawing the character of the late Lord Tenterden at his decease, the editor should have said, that the judge "*had the knack of so placing the subject for the jury, that they could not, without abandoning all pretensions to judgment, take any other course than what he indicated.*" So great an error as this, in the very teeth of Hone's memorable trial, and of many similar cases, was sufficiently remarkable from the pen of almost the soundest writer in London, but one fact rendered the error more remarkable in the "Morning Chronicle." An attorney a few years ago brought an action against the "Morning Chronicle," for a libel. Lord Lyndhurst, (then Sir John Copley,) with Sir James Scarlett, and Sir Thomas Denman, were the counsel for the paper, and the present Baron Gurney conducted the prosecution. To the utmost surprise and confusion of Gurney, Sir John Copley put the case to the jury, that the law of libel was meant for the protection of honourable characters against malignant or unjust attacks, and was not to be turned by the crafty into a mere source of sordid profit. On this principle, he proved, by subpœaning the attorneys of different newspapers, that so far from the plaintiff having brought his action against the "Morning Chronicle" in order to vindicate an honest character, he had actually brought actions for the same libel against, if we recollect right, nine or more papers, and had received hush-money for suppressing proceedings from those that preferred paying a bribe to the heavy expenses incidental even to an acquittal. The special jury, of which Mr. Cox, the banker, was foreman, instantly gave a verdict for the defendant. It is almost impossible to suppose, that a man, not absolutely insane, could for a moment have hesitated on the subject; and, indeed, the contempt and indignation of many of the jury were strongly evinced by their looks and manners; notwithstanding this, so inveterate were the prejudices of

Lord Tenterden against the press, that he assiduously, or rather insidiously, strove to gain a verdict for the plaintiff. He astutely divided the case into two parts, the one specific, the other a question of degree—and he concluded by saying, "Gentlemen, your verdict *must* be for the plaintiff, and it will be then for you to consider the amount of damages." Under this wretched thraldom, this absolute impossibility of a fair trial and equal justice, (for even victory carried ruinous costs,) is it surprising that the press, in the hands of mercenary traders, should become pusillanimous, or even corrupt? But this is not the sort of evil under which the press now labours. The day for Eldon—judges—high prerogative lawyers—Tory partizan judges, is gone for ever, and, though the worse than Algerine laws of libel still disgrace the statute book, juries can no longer be packed, or frightened, as "*in the good old times.*"

The taxes on knowledge still render the newspaper press corrupt, by closing the market against mere talent and principle, and by confining the proprietorship of papers to trading speculators, or joint stock companies.

It may be deemed partial and invidious, that I have illustrated this point by a reference to a few papers, when so many more ought in justice to share the obloquy. Who that now reads the "Times" could imagine that under the same proprietorship and editorship, it was high church, high prerogative, high Tory, and saturated with that doctrine of natural enmities between nations, which made it preach for a thirst of French blood, until the country was innoculated with the virus?*

* We will follow up this remark. Refer to the columns of the "Times" newspaper at the period when the Duke of Wellington was in Spain. It has truly been said that his grace was as much indebted to the "Times" for his military greatness as to his own merits and good fortune. Why the "Times" advocated his support with such earnestness is best known to the Wellesley family and the proprietors of the newspaper. But did it not then advocate the lavish expenditure of those millions upon millions, to pay the interest of which we are now so oppressed in this unhappy country? Did it not then call upon the people, by all that was sacred, by all they loved, to support the Tory government in those dreadful expenses which have reduced the country to a state of impending bankruptcy? Now read the columns of the same paper, and behold it fanning up the revolutionary flame, because it considers that such is the feeling of the nation. Nothing but out-and-out Radicalism will now please the "Times," because nothing else will please the majority of the people. Is it possible to imagine that the "Times," which now advocates the strictest retrenchment, is the same paper that formerly called upon the people, with all the power of language, to expend millions, and which praised and supported a Tory government which was so reckless of the public money!! The fact is, that the "Times" newspaper is without principle; it takes the public by the nose, and the public are fools enough to allow themselves to be so degraded. The tact of this paper is to find out the course which public opinion is likely to take, and to follow that opinion, *temporizing* at first until it is sure of the direction in which the stream will flow, when it boldly dashes on in advance, and claims for itself the title of the great *leading*, when it is in fact only the great *following*, journal of Europe. We will give one or two *authenticated* instances of the great tact displayed by this paper, which will at the same time expose the system. If Mr. Barnes cannot keep his own secrets, he cannot expect others to keep them for him.

At the time of the Catholic question assuming a more formidable position, it was a very difficult point to ascertain which side was to be taken by the "Times" newspaper, the public opinion being so much divided that it was impossible to discover which party would carry the day. The proprietors of the newspaper disagreed among themselves, some being for the question, others against it. They had a meeting, and after many pros and cons, it was at last decided that this grand question should, *pro tempore*, be discussed in the paper *only twice a week*. Soon after this arrangement, Mr. Barnes was dispatched over to Ireland. His remarkable tact soon discovered that the question would eventually be carried, and he came back with the intelligence. It was then decided that the cause should be advocated, as every

I have already pointed out the turpitude of one manufactory, in which four papers are "got up," of different principles. There is another gentleman in the market, of rather a superior grade, who illustrates the same *principle* much more forcibly—I refer to Mr. Colburn, the late publisher. His "United Service Journal" has great merit, and it has never deviated from high Tory doctrines. The editor, a high spirited officer, is consistent and honourable, and has insisted upon being, and has always been, "aut Cæsar aut nullus." His next proprietorship is that of the "New Monthly," whose opinions are almost Ultra-Radical. His "Sunday Times" is neither Tory nor Radical, but a sort of Whig publication. The "Literary Gazette," of which he is part proprietor, is of the *trade* principles, which means, "no principle at all;" and last, and least, the "Court Journal" is of all principles, like Pope's "smart free-thinker;" if not "all things in an hour," it is a weather-cock in the change of parties—and those changes of late have been sudden and frequent.

Of the supposed connexion between the press, and the distributors of the loaves and fishes, it is useless to speak. Perry, when the Whigs came into power in 1806, obtained a place of about £800 a year in the Secretary of State's office. He held it but for a short time. In 1805, ministers gave a place of £600 a year to the son of Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the "Times." An editor of a morning paper is closeted every day with Lord Brougham, and it is said, with what truth I know not, that his brother, an attorney, is "well off" in the new bankruptcy courts.

The market of the press is full of impostors and dupes. The proprietors, with a few exceptions, *victimize* the reporters, but they in turn fall a prey to the suppliers of miscellaneous intelligence. If a proprietor be grossly ignorant, and incapable by low habits of forming any notions of respectable life, he is sure to have palmed off upon him all crude vulgarities and profligate exaggerations as the real scenes of fashionable society, or even as the actual occurrences and confidential secrets of ministerial bureaux. I recollect two or three very striking illustrations of this fact.

There was an editor of even the very first of our evening papers, who dealt and still deals in fashionable paragraphs and miscellaneous news. His tact pointed out the proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle" as his best dupe: but as the erudite editor of the paper would detect his impositions, and resist his frauds, he levelled his battery against the "Ob-

cause taken up by the "Times" invariably is, with all the power that they could command.

Again, at the period that the late Queen Caroline expressed her determination to throw herself and her cause upon the people of England, there was a strong doubt whether she was or was not to be supported by the "Times" newspaper. Mr. Barnes was again despatched to reconnoitre. On his arrival at Dover he found the feeling strong against the queen, and he wrote up to London, stating that *it would not do*, as he considered her cause as hopeless. He continued his journey to St. Omer, where he remained a short time. On his return he found that a reaction had taken place throughout the kingdom, and then he wrote up to espouse the cause of the queen. Then came out that grandiloquent, yet still magnificent appeal to the British nation in her behalf, which added such strength to her cause, and so materially assisted to overpower her enemies.

But we do not exactly find fault with this charlatanism, as the "Times," like the razors in Peter Pindar, is got up to sell; but we do find great fault with one system of the "Times," which is most unworthy—that of reporting any thing, however false, knowing it to be false, to obtain any political end. They are aware that they may be forced to retract, but they are also aware that thousands who read the falsehood will never see the contradiction, and that the poison once circulated will have its effect. This is base and unmanly, and we prophesy will eventually prove the downfall of this widely circulated journal.—*Note by Editor.*

server" and "Englishman," Sunday papers owned by the same proprietor, and edited by an illiterate printer.

Nothing gratifies this proprietor so much as to act the patron, not the *dulce decus et præsidium*, but the purse-proud patron of "the gentlemen of the press." This editor, or paragraph dealer, particularly on Saturday nights, when the "Observer" and "Englishman" were preparing for publication, used to address letters to this proprietor. They always had the *Esq.* in strong large letters, and three large *et cæteras*. In the corner they were invariably marked, "most secret and confidential," in the true official style of great men, high in his majesty's councils. These letters, one and all, were nearly the same, and they ran in the following words: "My dear sir—I had the enclosed news about an hour ago, in strict confidence of secrecy, from one of the Lords of the Treasury, (or other lord as the case might be.) The intelligence is at your service exclusively for the "Observer," and for *only half a sovereign*. I have the honour to be, my dear sir," &c. &c. Our proprietor used to waddle up stairs, elated with his good fortune, and give the news to his printer and editor, to insert in the "Observer." One of the reporters once put the case to the proprietor. "This man," said the reporter, "speaks truth or falsehood." "I don't see that," was the reply. "Never mind," replied the reporter. "It is possible, it *may* be, that he must speak truth or falsehood, as George III. said to Lord Westmorland of Pitt and Fox, that 'when they directly contradict each other, one *may* be right and one *may* be wrong, but if they agree, they *must* be both wrong.'" The reporter proceeded in the form of the schools. "This fellow must write either truth or falsehood. If falsehood, discard him as a liar—if truth, discard him as a scoundrel—for what a rascal he must be to betray the confidence of his communicant, and that for the despicable bribe of *half a sovereign*." "I don't see that at all," replied the proprietor. "But look at this *secret and confidential intelligence*. It is nothing but a paragraph from the "Times" of this morning, with a transposition of sentences, and a change of words for synonymous expressions." Such was often the fact, but it was in vain to argue: Mr. ——— was elated at patronizing any man who kept company with a lord, and his *Fidus Achates* pronounced the man a fair and useful person, adding, that he might send something better another time. The letters were always brought—the half-sovereign was honourably paid, and the intelligence from the Lord of the Treasury was honourably inserted in the "Observer" and "Englishman."

It is this numerous class of news-mongers, or paragraph-mongers, patronized by the lower orders of the press, that pollute our papers with their base and unmanly attacks upon female character—such as the low and despicable libel in the "Court Journal" upon the Duchess of Richmond—libels most atrocious, because they destroy the peace of private families, and subject ladies to be talked of, in despite of the libeller being legally exposed in his falsehood, and punished for his guilt.

A laughable imposition was once played off upon Mr. Thwaites. A proprietor of a Sunday paper knew that Mr. Thwaites, a very honest man, was easily misled as to the characteristics of gentility; and he was likewise aware that Mr. Thwaites, of all things, valued every species of intelligence relating to titled and fashionable society. Any confidential communications relative to the arcana of boudoirs, saloons, or even of the nurseries of the aristocracy, were deemed invaluable for the "Morning Herald." The proprietor of the Sunday paper forthwith past himself off for a gentleman to Mr. Thwaites, and assured him that all his acquaintances were "lords and noblemen, and people of title." Mr. Thwaites immediately agreed to give him five guineas a week, for eight weeks, if he would supply him with plenty of news about "the lords and noble-

men." The bargain was struck, and forthwith the "Morning Herald" surpassed all other papers in its profusion of original matter relating to fashionable life. Dinners, dances, dishes, liveries, gowns, tippets, even to shoe-strings, were described with all the ignorant affectation of French phraseology, so renowned in the "Court Journal." It seemed as if the host of waiting maids, valets, and grooms, had foresworn their allegiance to the "Journal," and had devoted all their talents and literature to the "Herald." The eight weeks' bargain would have been renewed, but for an unlucky dinner given by the Duke of ———, in Piccadilly, and which was described in the "Herald" with such glowing pomp, with such exquisite research of fashionable phrase, and with so much of the minutiæ of patty-pans and small talk, that the "Court Journal" might have brought its action against the "Herald" for plagiarism and violation of copyright. In a few days Mr. Thwaites, to his horror, received a letter from the duke, which was nearly in the following words: "The Duke of —— presents his compliments to the editor of the "Morning Herald," and begs to assure him that he has no objection to the editor's puffing off his dinners and parties in general, to any extent of newspaper tactics, but the duke cannot feel any obligation to the editor of the "Morning Herald" for having made him give a superb dinner party at his house in Piccadilly, on Wednesday last, when it is well known to all the duke's friends, that he has been at his seat in ——shire for the last six weeks, and during which time he has not even been near London."

The quills upon the fretful porcupine were soft down, compared to the hair upon Mr. Thwaites' head as he read this letter. He was a conscientious man, and felt really hurt when he was betrayed into falsehood, however trivial. That night his Mercury of fashion brought him another history of another dinner, given by another duke, for it seemed as if a sudden mania for giving parties had seized upon the whole aristocracy.

"Pray, sir," said Mr. Thwaites, with his usual mildness, "where did you get that long account of the dinner given by the Duke of ——, on Wednesday last, in his mansion in Piccadilly?"

"O that—that dinner party—do you mean that dinner party?" replied the fashionable Mercury, with his usual volubility. "Why, that account the duke gave me himself."

"The duke himself?"

"Yes, sir. My friend the duke, d'y' see, is a very vain—a weak, conceited fellow, though a devilish good fellow at bottom. Nothing pleases him so much as to appear in print. He is the happiest man in the world if his parties are puffed off in the newspapers. He gave me the account, and said, 'My dear ———, I know you are a literary man, and if you could get this inserted in one of the leading journals I shall be eternally obliged to you.' 'Nothing more easy, my dear duke,' I replied, so I took the manuscript, and merely corrected the *grammar* and *spelling*, and had it copied for the printers."

"That is *very* odd," rejoined Mr. Thwaites, with his immovable suavity, for only read this letter, and he handed him the duke's epistle. The fellow, nought abashed at the detection of his fraud, replied with his usual flippant nonchalance, "Well, if it was not the duke who gave me the account, it was some gentleman at the Club who personated him."

"Take this, sir," Mr. Thwaites replied with suppressed indignation, as he handed him a check for the forty guineas,—"take this, and never let me see you enter the office again." The rogue thanked him for the money, and wished him good night with perfect indifference and *sang froid*.

Excessive ignorance and vulgarity often lead to the most ludicrous scenes in newspaper offices. The printer and editor of the "Observer"

is deemed a man of such transcendent talents by the proprietor, that he often exercises his judgment and control in editing the "Morning Chronicle." On one occasion, a very raw Theban from the Emerald Isle had obtained, honestly or furtively, the *entré* into the grounds of the pavilion at Virginia Water, than which Rosamond's bower, or Lord Eldon's purse, never had been supposed more hermetically sealed. He forthwith wrote a description of the place, full of the wildest Irish metaphors, and more redolent of hyperbole and blunder, than even a Milesian can be supposed to delight in. He offered his manuscript at a penny-a-line to the learned editor of the "Observer," who bought it with avidity, and inserted it in the "Morning Chronicle." Could it have been read as a quiz or hoax, or rather had it been written as a burlesque, it would have shown very considerable wit; but, like Mr. Dillon's Lord Mayor's Journey to Oxford, it was a composition meant "in downright earnest." The Emeralder described in ecstacy the more than heavenly beauties of this retreat, on which the King had spent almost countless sums of the public money. He dwelt with emphasis on the beautiful broad gravel walk, "of a light pale straw colour, *worthy the patronage of majesty.*" He then proceeded to expatiate upon the variety of surprisingly large shrubs and bushes which "meandered on the tops of the hills;" and meaning, if he had any meaning, to describe the walks that radiated from the house, as a centre, to the circumference of the grounds, he declared that there were a number of beautiful paths that walked away in a thousand directions, and seemed to lead to a thousand points, "when in fact they lead *nowhere.*" After a tissue of such abominable rhodomontade, the author concluded with an Irish rhapsody—"O Virginia! lovely Virginia! nothing can equal thy charms; no—not even the Lakes of Killarney." It may easily be imagined that such vile trash, in a paper of *classical* celebrity, would not only injure its character, but vex and mortify its highly reputable editor.

In stating these facts of the "Observer," the leading and almost only Sunday paper a few years ago, when Sunday papers were read only by journeymen mechanics, it must not be supposed that it is intended to deteriorate the character of the weekly press. This part of the press, in fact, contains by far the greatest portion of talent—and for an obvious reason: the little capital required for the venture of a Sunday paper, puts such speculations within the reach of literary men. Another class of readers of Sunday papers has sprung up of late years. In the days of the "Observer," and of "Johnson's Sunday Monitor," the Sunday papers were merely weekly summaries, intended for those whose constant labour and want of means prevented them from reading the daily journals. Now, almost all the really intellectual and independent or honest speculations upon public affairs, are to be found in these publications. The fact is, that there is an enormous degree of literary talent employed in the weekly papers. The "Athenæum" can hardly be considered as a newspaper, it is a weekly magazine, and admirably conducted. The "Examiner," the "Spectator," the "Atlas," and two or three others, are also as valuable from their literary critiques, as from their general sound writing.

Of the Sunday papers there is one, "Bell's Life in London," which is not void of humour, and is edited with some talent; and yet, like the "Observer," it is dedicated to a spirit or race quickly passing, or already passed away—"*The Ring.*" The most silly lad now understands, that a purse for a fight is made up by the flash houses, upon a calculation, never falsified, that the pickpockets will make so much by the plunder of the spectators, that the landlords will not only be repaid the capital they advance, but reap further profits by the expenditure of those who have become "flush" by their dexterity. There are two flash houses alone,

which are always ready to advance one hundred and fifty pounds on this principle, upon any fight; and one of these flash houses, to my personal knowledge, is under the protection of a Bow Street officer, who has foiled Sir Richard Birnie, by contriving the escape of thieves whom he was sent to arrest in this den of infamy. This is a system which will not exist much longer. It is as bad as that of the days of Sir John Fielding, when the magistrates themselves were sleeping partners in the receiving houses.

In most fights, every event of the fight is arranged, determined, and settled long before the fight begins. Who shall receive and give the first knock-down blow, who shall draw the first blood, who shall be beaten, and in what round, or at what signal, are all points settled before the fight, by the black legs. The "RING" itself is not acquainted with the secrets—only the miscreants hired for the purpose of the fraud, with their "friends," are "let into it." How far they may divulge the secrets imparted to them, for their own base objects, is another point. Fair stand up fights have been knocked on the head. What are called sporting papers, must "back out" of their occupation, and that very quickly—their "occupation 's gone."

There is an outcry made against "THE AGE," as vituperative of private character, and as assailant against all that an honest newspaper would feel to be exempt from the pale of newspaper cognizance. Without involving this point, I may apply to the subject the excellent observation of Bonaparte to a person reading Tacitus to him, and expressing his abhorrence of the Roman Emperors, "Why did the people submit to those emperors." This is tantamount to Machiavel's sarcasm, "any government is good enough for a people that submits to it." If the public did not approve of the "Age," or delight in it, the paper would soon change its character. The world is exceedingly prone to abuse what it most enjoys, and there is not a more certain test of the prevalence of any practice than the general disposition to "mouth against it." That the "Age" is occasionally indefensible, we grant, and that causing us to smile, is no excuse for indecency; but if this paper was not to the public taste, it would not be purchased, and would of course die a natural death. Yet is this the case? Is it not taken in in almost every club in London, and seized by the members as the first paper to be read? Do not elderly gentlemen pore over its contents, and then go home and take their families to church? And if the "Age" is mentioned in their domestic circle, lift up their voices and protest it never shall be admitted into the house! This is the fact, and the public are to blame if the "Age" is a bad paper, much more than the proprietors. As Shakspeare says in "Measure for Measure:"

> "Shame to him, whose cruel striking,
> Kills for faults of his *own liking*."

I now shall refer, in proof of the public taste for attacks upon individuals, to a paper of a very different description: the high Tory paper, edited by Theodore Hook, "John Bull." It had, for a long period, been the custom of the Whigs and Radicals to make personal attacks upon the Tory party, who did not condescend to retaliate. When this newspaper was established, it immediately commenced the system of retaliation, and, for any quantity of mud thrown at the Tories, "John Bull" had always a double allowance to return. So stung were the opposite parties by the keen satire and original wit of the editor, that they had cried out shame at the very proceedings which they set the example of for so many years. The paper then rose to the zenith of its reputation; now that the war upon private character has, by mutual consent, as it were subsided, this paper is not so much sought after, although it has the

strongest claims for its consistency and powerful writing; but while its editor was the political Aristophanes of the day, every one laughed at, praised, and took in the "John Bull."

Like the stage, the press but "echoes back the public voice;" and it is due to the middle classes to say that the Sunday papers, which are addressed to them, are of a better moral and higher intellect than those addressed to the upper classes. As a proof of this, I may cite the "Weekly Dispatch," the circulation of which exceeds any thing ever known in England or in Europe. According to the last returns of stamps to parliament, the average circulation of each number of the "Times" was about 13,300, whereas that of the "Weekly Dispatch," amounted to 33,350. The very low circulation of the "Court Journal," the lowest in the scale of all the weekly papers, is an honour to the good sense of the public. In the great community of a metropolis there always must be a large body of rich retired traders and wealthy parvenus, aldermen's wives, common councilmen's ladies, ex-sheriff's daughters, and female relatives of ex-lord mayors. These people are always the prey of the disease of longing to know what is fashionable among the great, and like the former editor of the "Herald," they are open to every imposition, and the more gross the absurdity the more easily are they imposed upon. They have no test of right and wrong, and "My lord said three times, Jerningham, Jerningham, Jerningham, bring me my garters," is the sort of trash which they mistake for aristocratic news. Any paper, therefore, that has the cunning to address itself to these classes, and will assume a title of fashion, and aid its sale by pictures, is sure to succeed for a short time, and to a limited extent; but it is no part or parcel of the press. It has its run until some rich city knight's lady becomes the butt of all jokes by her caricatures of the great, and she finds her source of information to be a mere fudge. She retires overwhelmed with confusion, her fate is a nine days' joke, and the fashionable journal is rejected by her and all her coterie.

The number of stamps is not an infallible test of the circulation of a newspaper. It is the trick of some proprietors to take out a great many more stamps than they want, and to sell them at a trifling loss to country publications, in order to give a false appearance of circulation to their journal, and thus acquire advertisements and confidence. A few months ago the "Times" denied the possibility of such a practice, but with arguments which clearly proved its possibility and existence.

The fate of the "Chronicle," once the first journal of Europe, shows, that even under the very ablest editor in England, a paper cannot succeed, if it be partially managed by illiterate men, indifferent to the rights and decencies of those around them. The expenses of foreign news and estafettes are so heavy, that the principal papers club equal sums, and receive equally whatever news may arrive. The "Morning Chronicle," tired at the long dearth of any intelligence worth having from France, withdrew from the subscription purse. Unluckily this happened on the very eve of the revolution of the barricades, and the "Chronicle" was without the most important foreign news ever received since the peace of 1814. The interval of parliament is what is technically called "the dull times for newspapers," and the "Chronicle," having no one point of strength or attraction, except its reporting and leading articles, feels the dulness more than any paper in London. If the Bona Dea of newspapers do not send a Thurtell, a Burke, or a Bishop, or if the assize cases do not supply some trials for murder, rape, or seduction, some Manchester massacre or Bristol conflagration, then indeed are the newspapers most dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable. The propitious gods sent some most admirable matter in the last dull times, but unfortunately the "Chronicle" missed the best of it. The country was gaping like

the parched desert for the refreshing shower, and each man stood tip-toe in anxiety for the fate of Oporto. The attack was made and repelled, the history appeared in the "Times" and "Herald," but not in the "Chronicle" till the day after. The two former papers sent reporters to Oporto, and the "Chronicle" did not. Again, our merchants, manufacturers, traders, politicians, and in short, all the world were in breathless anxiety for the King of Holland's speech to the Chambers. It arrived and appeared in all the daily papers except the "Morning Chronicle." In fact, the "Times" and "Herald" sent reporters to Belgium, and the "Chronicle" did not. In its utter destitution of foreign news, at the most awful crisis of foreign affairs, and with an utter vacuity of all intelligence whatever, a stranger signing himself O. P. Q. sent his anonymous and gratuitous communications from France. These were totally disregarded and contemned until an hour of distress, when there was nothing to fill the columns, and one of these letters was used *ad captandum*, and as a forlorn hope. Though their style is not good, their matter is excellent. They have proved the salvation of the paper in its last struggles. The writer has now five guineas a week for his communications.

The tyranny of the press over *employés* is incredible. The author of the "Corn Law Rhymes" observes, that workmen in the manufacturing towns who become masters, are always the most severe and unfeeling to the men. The same principle pervades every stage of society. No officer is so merciless a martinet as the man raised from before the mast: the worst of all negro owners is the mulatto or emancipated slave; and the most inconsiderate, indelicate, and unjust tyrant over a newspaper establishment is sure to have been some low reporter raised to the editorship, or some ignorant mushroom whom good fortune or roguery has raised to the proprietorship.

The words of Ebenezer Elliot, the author of "Corn Law Rhymes," are forcible. "Perhaps the most frightful symptom of our social disease is exhibited by the masters who have been workmen, and who exceed in arrogance and insolence by many degrees the cab driving sons of the sons from the dunghill sprung." Let us sketch some actual scenes, of very recent occurrence. It must be premised, that in the navy and army, all personal considerations are as nought in respect to the exigencies of the public service; but where the service does not require the sacrifice of the interests, or health, or convenience of an individual, they are held in respect. This is not the case in the service of the press. A proprietor of a newspaper writes to a reporter, a married man, domestic with his family—"Dear sir, I request to see you at the office, at six this evening." The reporter arrives, and is addressed thus. "The court martial on Admiral Codrington is to sit at Portsmouth. It will last perhaps a fortnight or three weeks. I have taken your place in the seven o'clock coach, and you will proceed, sir, directly to Portsmouth and report the proceedings." "I wish you had mentioned this in your letter; I might have taken leave of my children, made some little family arrangements, and have at least carried a change of linen." "O, sir, you can send your keys home by a porter, and your family can send clothes after you." "But, sir, there is no earthly occasion for this despatch; and I have left even my desk unlocked, and my papers at sixes and sevens." "Don't talk to me, sir; if you don't like my service you can resign." This stupid and brutal bashawism reduces a gentleman to the alternative of a sudden loss of income, or to this utterly useless and wanton sacrifice of his feelings and convenience. To another person, who from domestic affliction begs him not to send him on a distant service, as one of the establishment conversant with the object sent for is willing to go. The laconic reply is, "Sir, you can resign." Again, he writes to a gentleman, "Dear sir, immediately

on the receipt of this you will proceed to Oporto *via* Falmouth. I enclose you 40*l.*, and if you can join with the reporters of the 'Times' and 'Herald,' it will be desirable. I am," &c. The idea of going to a besieged town in Portugal, staying out the siege, and returning for 40*l.* is sufficiently ludicrous. But in this case the reporter replies, "I am a lieutenant in the navy, and can't leave England without an admiralty permission; I cannot go beyond seas without altering a policy, which ensures my life for a large sum; and lastly, I cannot quit my family thus without even an hour's notice." The breach on the subject was, very fortunately for the reporter, healed by the intervention of a third party, who had influence.

Just before poor Perry's death, a return of stamps was moved for, and it displayed a circulation of the "Chronicle" below what any had imagined. Whiggism was not only on the wane, but wealth and age had rendered Mr. Perry rather negligent, indolent, and timid. Upon his death, the paper was to be sold without reserve. The first bidder was Mr. Maberley, the member, who no doubt would have made it a very fine property, and a most useful periodical. Backed, however, by stationers, and stimulated by a noble thirst of fame, the present proprietor, purchased the copyright for 40,000*l.*, to be paid by instalments, with interest upon each instalment as long as it should be in arrear. The fate of the paper in such hands was obvious.

Of all the writers and editors of London, it appears to me that Mr. Black is the most philosophical and profound. The editor of the "Globe" is more terse and less diffuse, but he is not more philosophic. The writer of the "Times" is completely a man of a university—full of prejudices, totally destitute of philosophy and science, but well read in literature, and a dexterous logomachist, or perhaps a good philologist. But Mr. Black's leading articles in the "Morning Chronicle" used to be perfect studies, and a person might make himself a well informed gentleman, and collect materials for thinking, more profoundly than many men can think, by reading the "Chronicle" alone. Mr. Black's reading is more extensive than any man's I ever knew. His studies are not only well directed, but his mind is so full of arrangement, that his knowledge is always ready for the occasion. Whatever subjects arise, he has at his command all the best information upon them; and his faculty of combining and classing knowledge so as to establish the general principles upon which the subjects must rest, and by which they must be determined, is the finest I ever knew. Notwithstanding this, the "Morning Chronicle," for causes which I have stated, is the worst paper that London has possessed for many years. The editor's faculty for generalization is excellent. Very different are the far-famed leaders of the "Times." A man is scarcely ever wiser for reading an article in that journal. He collects few materials for thinking, and is seldom put in the right way of thought. The leaders of the "Times" display a superb and vigorous command of words, and for the conveyance of sentiment, the declaration of opinions, rousing the passions, and fixing the prejudices of the world, they never have been equalled. Of philosophy they can make no boast, and they often display a most deplorable ignorance of the general principles and even of the elements of political science.

HOW TO WRITE A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

[SCENE.—*Chambers in Lincoln's Inn.* Mr. Arthur Ansard *at a brieftless table, tête-à-tête with his wig on a block. Mr. A. casts a disconsolate look upon his companion, and soliloquizes.*]

Yes, there you stand, "partner of my toils, my feelings, and my fame." We do not *suit*, for we never gained a *suit* together. Well, what with reporting for the bar, writing for the Annuals and the pocket books, I shall be able to meet all demands, except those of my tailor; and, as his bill is most characteristically long, I think I shall be able to make it stretch over till next term, by which time I hope to fulfil my engagements with Mr. Colburn, who has given me an order for a fashionable novel, written by "a nobleman." But how I, who was never inside of an aristocratical mansion in my life, whose whole idea of Court is comprised in the Court of King's Bench, am to complete my engagement, I know no more than my companion opposite, who looks so placidly stupid under my venerable wig. As far as the street-door, the footman and carriage, and the porter are concerned, I can manage well enough; but as to what occurs within doors, I am quite abroad. I shall never get through the first chapter; yet that tailor's bill must be paid. *(Knocking outside.)* Come in, I pray.

Enter Mr. Barnstaple.

Mr. B.—Merry Christmas to you, Arthur.

Arthur.—Sit down, my dear fellow; but don't mock me with merry Christmas. He emigrated long ago—took French leave, and made free to go out of England when free trade and political folly came in. Answer me seriously: do you think it possible for a man to describe what he never saw?

Mr. B.—*(Putting his stick up to his chin.)* Why, 'tis possible; but I would not answer for the description being quite correct.

Arthur.—But suppose the parties who read it, have never seen the thing described?

Mr. B.—Why then it won't signify whether the description be correct or not.

Arthur.—You have taken a load off my mind; but still I am not quite at ease. I have engaged to furnish Colburn with a fashionable novel.

Mr. B.—What do you mean to imply by a fashionable novel?

Arthur.—I really can hardly tell. His stipulations were, that it was to be a "fashionable novel in three volumes, each volume not less than three hundred pages."

Mr. B.—That is to say, that you are to assist him in imposing on the public.

Arthur.—Something very like it, I 'm afraid; as it is further agreed that it is to be puffed as coming from a highly-talented nobleman.

Mr. B.—You should not do it, Ansard.

Arthur.—So conscience tells me, but my tailor's bill says Yes; and that is a thing out of all conscience. Only look here.

[*Displays a long bill.*

Mr. B.—Why I must acknowledge, Ansard, that there is some excuse. One needs must, when the devil drives; but you are capable of better things.

Arthur.—I certainly don't feel great capability in this instance. But what can I do? The brute will have nothing else—he says the public will read nothing else.

Mr. B.—That is to say, that because one talented author astonished the public by style and merits peculiarly his own, and established, as it were, a school for neophites, his popularity is to be injured by contemptible imitators. It is sufficient to drive a man mad, to find that the tinsel of others, if to be purchased more cheaply, is to be pawned upon the public instead of his gold; and more annoying still, that the majority of the public cannot appreciate the difference between the metal and the alloy. Do you know, Ansard, that by getting up this work, you really injure the popularity of a man of great talent?

Arthur.—Will he pay my tailor's bill?

Mr. B.—No; I dare say he has enough to do to pay his own. What does your tailor say?

Arthur.—He is a staunch reformer, and on March the 1st he declares that he will have the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill,—carried to my credit. Mr. Colburn, on the 10th of February, also expects the novel, the whole novel, and nothing but the novel, and that must be a fashionable novel. Look here, Barnstaple.

[*Shows his tailor's bill.*

Mr. B.—I see how it is. He "pays your poverty, and not your will."

Arthur.—And, by your leave, I thus must pay my bill. [*Bowing.*

Mr. B.—Well, well, I can help you: nothing more difficult than to write a good novel, and nothing more easy than to write a bad one. If I were not above the temptation, I could pen you a dozen of the latter every ordinary year, and thirteen, perhaps, in the bissextile. So banish that Christmas cloud from your brow; leave off nibbling your pen at the wrong end, and clap a fresh nib to the right one. I have an hour to spare.

Arthur.—I thank you: that spare hour of yours may save me many a spare day. I'm all attention—proceed.

Mr. B.—The first point to be considered, is the *tempus*, or time; the next the *locus*, or place; and lastly, the *dramatis personæ;* and thus, chapter upon chapter, will you build a novel.

Arthur.—Build!

Mr. B.—Yes, build; you have had your dimensions given, the interior is left to your own decoration. First, as to the opening. Suppose we introduce the hero in his dressing-room. We have something of the kind in Pelham; and if we can't copy his merits, we must his peculiarities. Besides it always is effective: a dressing-room or boudoir of supposed great people, is admitting the vulgar into the arcana, which they delight in.

Arthur.—Nothing can be better.

Mr. B.—Then, as to time; as the hero is still in bed, suppose we say four o'clock in the afternoon?

Arthur.—In the morning you mean.

Mr. B.—No; the afternoon. I grant you that fashionable young men in real life, get up much about the same time as other people; but in a fashionable novel, your real exclusive never rises before. The very idea makes the tradesman's wife lift up her eyes. So begin. "It was about thirty-three minutes after four, *post meridian*——"

Arthur.—Minute—to a minute!

Mr. B.—"That the Honourable Augustus Bouverie's finely chiselled——'

Arthur.—Chiselled!

Mr. B.—Yes; great people are always chiselled, common people are only cast. "Finely-chiselled head laid recumbent upon his silk-encased pillow. His luxuriant and Antinoüs-like curls were now confined in *papillotes* of the finest satin paper, and the *tout ensemble* of his head——"

Arthur.—*Tout ensemble!*

Mr. B.—Yes; go on. "Was gently compressed by a caul of the finest net work, composed of the threads spun from the beauteous production of the Italian worm."

Arthur.—Ah! now I perceive—a silk nightcap. But why can't I say at once a silk nightcap?

Mr. B.—Because you are writing a fashionable novel. "With the forefinger of his gloved left-hand——"

Arthur.—But he's not coming in from a walk—he's not yet out of bed.

Mr. B.—You don't understand it—"Gloved left hand, he applied a gentle friction to the portal of his right eye, which unclosing at the silent summons, enabled him to perceive a repeater studded with brilliants, and ascertain the exact minute of time, which we have already made known to the reader, and at which our history opens."

Arthur.—A very grand opening indeed!

Mr. B.—Not more than it ought to be for a fashionable novel. "At the sound of a silver *clochette*, his faithful Swiss valet Coridon, who had for some time been unperceived at the door, waiting for some notice of his master having thrown off the empire of Somnus, in his light pumps, covered with beaver, moved with noiseless step up to the bedside, like the advance of eve stealing over the face of nature."

Arthur.—Rather an incongruous simile.

Mr. B.—Not for a fashionable novel. "There he stood, like Taciturnity bowing at the feet of proud Authority."

Arthur.—Indeed, Barnstaple, that is too *outré*.

Mr. B.—Not a whit: I am in the true "Cambyses' vein." "Coridon having softly withdrawn the rose-coloured gros de Naples bed-curtains, which by some might have been thought to have been rather too extravagantly fringed with the finest Mechlin lace, exclaimed with a tone of tremulous deference and affection, '*Monsieur a bien dormi?*' 'Coridon,' said the Honourable Augustus Bouverie, raising himself on his elbow in that eminently graceful attitude, for which he was so remarkable when reclining on the ottomans at Almack's——"

Arthur.—Are you sure they have ottomans there?

Mr. B.—No; but your readers can't disprove it. "'Coridon,' said he, surveying his attendant from head to foot, and alternately assuming a severity of countenance, 'Coridon, you are becoming gross, if not positively what the people call *fat*.' The Swiss attendant fell back in graceful astonishment three steps, and arching his eye-brows, extending his inverted palms forward, and raising his shoulders above the apex of his head, exclaimed, '*Pardon, mi lor, j'en aurois un horreur parfait.*' 'I tell you,' replied our gracefully-inclined hero, 'that it is so, Coridon; and I ascribe it to your partiality for that detestable wine called Port. Confine yourself to Hock and Moselle, sirrah: I fear me, you have a base hankering after mutton and beef. Restrict yourself to salads, and do not sin even with an omelette more than once a week. Coridon must be visionary and diaphanous, or he is no Coridon for me. Remove my night-gloves, and assist me to rise: it is past four o'clock, and the sun must have, by this time, sufficiently aired this terrestrial globe.'"

Arthur.—I have it now; I feel I could go on for an hour.

Mr. B.—Longer than that, before you get him out of his dressing-room. You must make at least five chapters before he is apparelled, or how can you write a fashionable novel, in which you cannot afford more than two incidents in the three volumes? Two are absolutely necessary for the editor of the Literary Gazette to extract as specimens, before he winds up an eulogy. Do you think that you can proceed now for a week, without my assistance?

Arthur.—I think so, if you will first give me some general ideas. In the first place, am I always to continue in this style?

Mr. B.—No; I thought you knew better. You must throw in patches of philosophy every now and then.

Arthur.—Philosophy in a fashionable novel?

Mr. B.—Most assuredly, or it would be complained of as trifling; but a piece, now and then, of philosophy, as unintelligible as possible, stamps it with deep thought. In the dressing-room, or boudoir, it must be occasionally epicurean; elsewhere, especially in the open air, more stoical.

Arthur.—I'm afraid that I shall not manage that without a specimen to copy from. Now I think of it, Eugene Aram says something very beautiful on a starry night.

Mr. B.—He does: it is one of the most splendid pieces of writing in our language. But I will have no profanation, Arthur; to your pen again, and write. We'll suppose our hero to have retired from the crowded festivities of a ball-room at some lordly mansion in the country, and to have wandered into a churchyard, damp and dreary with a thick London fog. In the light dress of fashion, he throws himself on a tombstone. 'Ye dead!' exclaims the hero, 'where are ye? Do your disembodied spirits now float around me, and, shrouded in this horrible veil of nature, glare unseen upon vitality? Float ye upon this intolerable mist, in yourselves still more misty and intolerable? Hold ye high jubilee to night? or do ye crouch behind these monitorial stones, gibbering and chattering at one who dares thus to invade your precincts? Here may I hold communion with my soul,

and, in the invisible presence of those who could, but dare not to reveal. Away! it must not be."

Arthur.—What mustn't be?

Mr. B.—That is the mystery which gives the point to his soliloquy. Leave it to the reader's imagination.

Arthur.—I understand. But still the Honourable Augustus cannot lie in bed much longer, and I really shall not be able to get him out without your assistance. I do not comprehend how a man can get out of bed *gracefully;* he must show his bare legs, and the alteration of position is in itself awkward.

Mr. B.—Not half so awkward as you are. Do you not feel that he must not be got out of bed at all—that is, by description.

Arthur.—How then?

Mr. B.—By saying nothing about it. Re-commence as follows: "'I should like the bath at seventy-six and a half, Coridon,' observed the Honourable Augustus Bouverie, as he wrapped his embroidered dressing gown round his elegant form, and sank into a *chaise longue*, wheeled by his faithful attendant to the fire." There, you observe, he is out of bed, and nothing said about it.

Arthur.—Go on, I pray thee.

Mr. B.—"'How is the bath perfumed?' '*Eau de mille fleurs.*' '*Eau de mille fleurs!* Did not I tell you last week that I was tired of that villanous compound? It has been adulterated till nothing remains but its name. Get me another bath immediately *au violet;* and, Coridon, you may use that other scent, if there is any left, for the poodle; but observe, only when *you* take him an airing, not when he goes with *me.*'"

Arthur.—Excellent! I now feel the real merits of an exclusive; but you said something about dressing-room, or in-door philosophy.

Mr. B.—I did; and now is a good opportunity to introduce it. Coridon goes into the ante-chamber to renew the bath, and of course your hero has met with a disappointment in not having the bath to his immediate pleasure. He must press his hands to his forehead. By-the-bye, recollect that his forehead, when you describe it, must be high and white as snow—all aristocratical foreheads are—at least, are in a fashionable novel.

Arthur.—What the women's and all?

Mr. B.—The heroine's must be; the others you may lower as a contrast. But to resume with the philosophy. He strikes his forehead, lifts his eyes slowly up to the ceiling, and drops his right arm as slowly down by the side of the *chaise longue*, and then in a voice so low that it might have been considered a whisper, were it not for its clear and brilliant intonation, he exclaims——

Arthur.—Exclaims in a whisper!

Mr. B.—To be sure; you exclaim mentally, why should you not in a whisper?

Arthur.—I perceive—your argument is unanswerable.

Mr. B.—Stop a moment; it will run better thus: "The Honourable Augustus Bouverie no sooner perceived himself alone, than he felt the dark shades of melancholy ascending and brooding over his mind, and enveloping his throbbing heart in their—their *adamantine*

chains. Yielding to the overwhelming force, he thus exclaimed, 'Such is life—we require but one flower, and we are offered noisome thousands—refused that we wish, we live in loathing of that not worthy to be received—mourners from our cradle to our grave, we utter the shrill cry at our birth, and we sink in oblivion with the faint wail of terror. Why should we, then, ever commit the folly to be happy?'"

Arthur.—Hang me, but that 's a poser!

Mr. B.—Nonsense, hold your tongue; it is only preparatory to the end. "'Conviction astonishes and torments—destiny prescribes and falsifies—attraction drives us away—humiliation supports our energies. Thus do we recede into the present, and shudder at the Elysium of posterity.'"

Arthur.—I have written all that down, Barnstaple, but I cannot understand it, upon my soul!

Mr. B.—If you had understood one particle, that particle I would have erased. This is your true philosophy of a fashionable novel, the extreme interest of which consists in its being unintelligible. People have such an opinion of their own abilities, that if they understood you, they would despise you; but a dose like this strikes them with veneration for your talents.

Arthur.—Your argument is unanswerable; but you said that I must describe the dressing-room.

Mr. B.—Nothing more easy; as a simile, compare it to the shrine of some favoured saint in a richly-endowed Catholic church. Three tables at least, full of materials in methodized confusion—all tending to the beautification of the human form divine. Tinted perfumes in every variety of cut crystal receivers, gold and silver. If at a loss, call at Bayley's and Blew's, or Smith's in Bond-street. Take an accurate survey of all you see, and introduce your whole catalogue. You cannot be too minute. But, Arthur, you must not expect me to write the whole book for you.

Arthur.—Indeed I am not so exorbitant in my demands upon your good-nature; but observe, I may get up four or five chapters already with the hints you have given me, but I do not know how to move such a creation of the brain—so ethereal, that I fear he will melt away; and so fragile, that I am in terror lest he fall to pieces. Now only get him into the breakfast-room for me, and then I ask no more for the present. Only dress him, and bring him *down stairs.*

Mr. B.—There again you prove your incapability. Bring him down stairs! Your hero of a fashionable novel never ascends to the first floor. Bed-room, dressing-room, breakfast-room, library, and boudoir, all are upon a level. As for his dressing, you must only describe it as perfect when finished, but not enter into a regular detail, except that in conversation with his valet, he occasionally asks for something unheard-of, or fastidious to a degree. You must not walk him from one chamber to another, but manage it as follows. "It was not until the beautiful airs of the French clock that decorated the mantel-piece had been thrice played, with all their variations, that the Honourable Augustus Bouverie entered his library, where he found his assiduous Coridon burning an aromatic pastile to disperse the com-

pound of villanous exhalations arising from the condensed metropolitan atmosphere. Once more in a state of repose, to the repeated and almost affecting solicitations of his faithful attendant, who alternately presented to him the hyson of Pekoe, the bohea of Twankay, the fragrant berry from the Asiatic shore, and the frothing and perfumed decoction of the Indian nut, our hero shook his head in denial, until he at last was prevailed upon to sip a small liqueur glass of *eau sucreé*." The fact is, Arthur, he is in love—don't you perceive? Now introduce a friend, who rallies him—then a resolution to think no more of the heroine—a billet on a golden salver—a counter resolution—a debate which equipage to order—a decision at last—hat, gloves, and furred great coat—and by that time you will have arrived to the middle of the first volume.

Arthur.—I perceive; but I shall certainly stick there without your assistance.

Mr. B.—You shall have it, my dear fellow. In a week I will call again, and see how you get on. Then we 'll introduce the heroine; that, I can tell you, requires some tact—*au revoir.*

Arthur.—Thanks, many thanks, my dear Barnstaple. Fare you well. [*Exit* Barnstaple.

Arthur.—*(Looking over his memoranda.)*—It will do! *(hopping and dancing about the room.)* Hurrah! my tailor's bill will be paid after all! [*Scene closes.*

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY. BY THE REV. R. B. EXTON.

Image of beauteous life! how firmly thron'd
Within that placid bosom's gentle swell
Sits holy peace—if not the wizard spell
Of all-creative art with features own'd
By some bright angel visitant, hath well
Beguil'd our vision! No—the mortal there
Serene in conscious purity of soul,
Proudly sustains her nobler task, to bear
The ills that yet no virtue might controul.
The borrow'd lustre of the diadem's ray,
Nor birth, nor genius' high-reflected beam,
Illumes that brow—the painter's fervid dream
Hath caught its hue from spirit light that lay
Within, ere yet he gave it to the eye of day!

Oct. 6, 1832.

THE DILEMMA.

The rosy, plump, and black-ey'd Sue,
In deep perplexity was lost:
Three suitors came at once to woo,
And two of them must need be crost—
So most folks deem'd. The first, a lad
As blythe and young as Sukey's self,
One, whom with joy, she would have had,
And trusted to the clouds for pelf.

But then her mother would propound
How want and love made sorry dishes,
And that true love would ne'er abound,
Until it rain'd down loaves and fishes:
So, a substantial man she brought;
One they accounted "well to do,"
Not rich—not young—but then, 'twas thought,
Both young, and rich enough for Sue.

He spoke of trade, of parish rank,
A warm and a well-feather'd nest;
While Sukey eyed his spindle shank,
Cried, "how?" and sigh'd, and thought the rest.
The third came in a fy-fy way,
So struttingly, secure, and bold;
That, "by your leave," he seem'd to say,
And was, "*a swingeing purse of gold!*"

"A purse of gold! But some one brought it!"
Yes, ladies, that indeed is true;
But had you seen it, you'd have thought it
Matter'd very little who.
While things were thus in *statu quo*,
Three wights had stak'd three wagers in,
To win or lose, when time should show,
Which of the suitors three should win.

Jack, who was young, and six feet high,
And knew what women reckon'd good,
Stak'd on the youthful lad, for why?
He trusted to her womanhood.
But Tom, less gen'rous, back'd the man
Who had a shelter from life's storm:
The nest secur'd—a woman can
Always contrive to keep it warm.

But wicked Will would not believe,
(The scape-grace at the sex *could* rail,)
Since golden pippins tempted Eve,
That gold, in any shape, could fail.
But weak is human calculation,
Who won, could never yet be told,
For Sukey, to their consternation,
At once took *lover, husband, gold.*

THE PASHA OF MANY TALES.[1]—No. XIII.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF HUCKABACK.

Your Highness will be surprised at the unheard-of adventures that occurred to me in my last voyage, and I think I can boldly assert that no man, either before or since, has explored so much, or has been in the peculiar dangerous situations in which I have been placed by destiny.

Notwithstanding the danger which I incurred from my former expedition to the Northern Ocean, I was persuaded to take the command of a whaler about to proceed to those latitudes: we sailed from Marseilles early in the year that we might arrive at the northward in good time, and be able to quit the Frozen Ocean before the winter had set in. We were very fortunate on our arrival at Baffin's Bay, and very soon had eighteen fish on board. The autumn was hardly commenced before I proposed to return, and we were steering in a southerly direction, when we encountered two or three large icebergs, upon the edges of which, the walruses or sea-horses were lying in herds. As we had some casks still empty, I determined to fill them with the oil to be obtained from these animals, and hoisted out my boats to attack them. We killed a large number, which we sent on board, and continued our fishery with great success, having only lost one boat, the bottom plank of which had been bitten out by the tusks of one of these unwieldy animals. Of a sudden the wind changed to the southward, and the small icebergs which were then to windward rapidly closed with the large one upon which we were fishing. The harpooners observed it, and recommended me to return to the ship, but I was so amused with the sport that I did not heed their advice. A sea-horse was lying in a small cave accidentally formed on the upright edge of the iceberg, and wishing to attack him, I directed my boat to pull towards it. At this time there was not more than twenty yards of water between the two icebergs, and a sudden squall coming on, they closed with great rapidity. The men in the other boats immediately pulled away, and, as I afterwards learnt, when I arrived at Marseilles, they escaped, and returned home in the ship; but those in mine, who were intent upon watching me, as I stood in the bow of the boat with the harpoon to strike the animal, did not perceive the danger until the stern of the boat was touched by the other iceberg. The two now coming within the attraction of cohesion of floating bodies, were dashed like lightning one against the other, jamming the men, as well as the boat, into atoms.

Being in the bow of the boat, and hearing the crash, I had just time, in a moment of desperation, to throw myself into the cave upon the back of the sea-horse, when the two enormous bodies of ice came in contact—the noise I have no doubt was tremendous, but I did not hear it, as I was immediately enclosed in the ice. Although at first there were interstices, yet, as the southerly gale blew the icebergs before it into the northern region, all was quickly cemented together by the frost, and I found myself pent up in an apartment not eight feet square, in company with a sea-horse.

I shall not detain your Highness by describing my sensations: my ideas were, that I was to exist a certain time, and then die for want of fresh air; but I was incorrect. At first, indeed, the cave was intolerably hot from the accumulation of breath, and I thought I should soon be

[1] Continued from p. 443, vol. v.

suffocated. I recollected all my past sins, I implored for mercy, and lay down to die; but I found that the ice melted away with the heat, and that, in so doing, a considerable portion of the air was liberated, so that in a few minutes my respiration became more free. The animal, in the mean time, apparently frightened at his unusual situation, was perfectly quiet; and, as the slightest straw will be caught at by the drowning man, so did the idea of my preservation come into my head. I considered how much air so enormous an animal must consume, and determined upon dispatching him, that I might have more for my own immediate wants. I took out my knife, and inserting it between the vertebral bones that joined his head to his neck, divided the spinal marrow, and he immediately expired.

When I found that he was quite dead, I crawled from his shoulders, and took up a more convenient berth in that part of the cave which was before his head, to which I had been afraid to venture while the animal was alive, lest he should attack me with his enormous tusks. The air soon became more pure, and I breathed freely. Your Highness may be surprised at the assertion, but, whether I obtained air from the ice itself, or whether the ice was sufficiently porous to admit of it, I know not; but from that time I had no difficulty of respiration. In our country we have had instances of women and children, who have been buried in the snow for two months, and yet have been taken out alive, and have recovered, although they had little or no nourishment during their inhumation. I recollected this, and aware that the carcase of the animal would supply me for years, I began to indulge a hope that I might yet be saved, if driven sufficiently to the southward to admit of my being thawed out. I was convinced that the ice about me could not be more than six or eight feet thick, as I had sufficient light to distinguish the day from the night. Afterwards my eye-sight became so much more acute, that I could see very well to every corner of the cave in which I was embedded.

During the first month the calls of hunger obliged me to make frequent attacks upon the carcase of the sea-horse; after that, my appetite decreased, until at length I would not touch a mouthful of food in a week, —I presume from want of fresh air and exercise, neither of which I could be said to enjoy. I had been about two months in this hole, when a violent shock like that of an earthquake took place, and I fell from the top of the cave to the bottom, and for a minute was knocked about like a pea in a rattle. I had almost lost my senses before it was over, and I found myself lying upon what was before the top of the cave. From these circumstances I inferred that the iceberg in which I was inclosed had come in contact with another, and that I had been broken off from it, and was floating on the sea with other pieces, which, when collected in large quantities, are termed a floe of ice. Whether my situation was changed for the better I knew not, but the change inspired me with fresh hopes. I now calculated that five months had elapsed, and that it was the depth of winter, therefore I had no chance of being released until the ensuing spring.

"Allah Wakbar, God is every where!" interrupted the Pasha. "But I wish to know, Huckaback, how you were so exactly aware of the time which had passed away."

"Min Bashi, and head of thousands!" replied Huckaback, "I will explain to your Highness. I once jammed my nail at the bottom, and I expected to lose it. It did not however come off, but grew up as before, and I had the curiosity to know how often people changed their nails in the course of a year. It was exactly two months, and from

this I grounded my calculations. I observed specks on my nails, and as they grew up, so did I calculate time."

"Mashallah, how wonderful is God! Wallah Khaib! Well said, by Allah! I never should have thought of that," observed the Pasha. "Proceed with your story."

The five months had elapsed, according to my calculations, when one morning I heard a grating noise close to me; soon afterwards I perceived the teeth of a saw entering my domicile, and I correctly judged that some ship was cutting her way through the ice. Although I could not make myself heard, I waited in anxious expectation of deliverance. The saw approached very near to where I was sitting, and I was afraid that I should be wounded, if not cut in halves; but just as it was within two inches of my nose, it was withdrawn. The fact was, that I was under the main floe, which had been frozen together, and the firm ice above having been removed and pushed away, I rose to the surface. A current of fresh air immediately poured into the small incision made by the saw, which not only took away my breath from its sharpness, but brought on a spitting of blood. Hearing the sound of voices, I considered my deliverance as certain. Although I understood very little English, I heard the name of Captain Parry frequently mentioned, a name, I presume, that your Highness is well acquainted with.

"Poof! never heard of it," replied the Pasha.

"I am surprised, your Highness; I thought every body must have heard of that adventurous navigator. I may here observe that I have since read his voyages, and he mentions, as a curious fact, the steam which was emitted from the ice—which was nothing more than the hot air escaping from my cave when it was cut through—a singular point, as it not only proves the correctness of his remarks, but the circumstance of my having been there, as I am now describing to your Highness."

But, alas! my hopes soon vanished: the voices became more faint, I felt that I was plunged under the floe to make room for the passage of the ship, and when I rose, the water which had filled the incision made by the saw, froze hard, and I was again closed in—perhaps for ever. I now became quite frantic with despair, I tore my clothes, and dashed my head against the corners of the cave, and tried to put an end to my hated existence. At last I sunk down exhausted with my own violent efforts, and continued sullen for several days.

But there is a buoyant spirit in our composition which raises our heads above the waters of despair. Hope never deserts us, not even in an iceberg. She attends us and supports us to the last, and although we reject her kind offices in our fury, she still watches by us, ready to assist and console us, when we are inclined to listen to her encouraging whispers.

I once more listened to her suggestions, and, for six months fed upon them, aided by occasional variations of the flesh of the sea-horse. It was now late in the summer, and the ice in which I was bound up had evidently melted away. One morning I was astonished by perceiving that the light of the sun seemed to change its position regularly every quarter of an hour. Had it done so occasionally during the day, and at no stated intervals, I should have imagined that the ice that I was enclosed in, altered its position from the winds and currents; but the regularity astonished me. I watched it, and I found that the same phenomenon occurred, but at shorter intervals, and it continued until the light shifted from side to side every minute.

After some reflection, the horrid idea occurred to me that I must have been drifted to the coast of Norway, and was in the influence of the dreadful whirlpool, called the Maelstroom, and that in a few minutes I should be engulphed for ever, and, as I thought it might be the case, the light revolved each fifteen seconds. "Then it is!" cried I in despair, and as I uttered the words it became quite dark, and I knew that I had sunk in the vortex, and all was over.

It may appear strange to your Highness, that, after the first pang, occasioned by the prospect of perdition, had passed away, that so far from feeling a horror at my situation, I mocked and derided it. I could feel no more, and I awaited the result with perfect indifference. From the marks in my nails, I afterwards found out that I was nearly six months in the interior of the earth. At last, one day I was nearly blinded by the powerful light that poured through my tenement, and I knew that I was once more floating on the water.

"Allah Kebir! God is most powerful!" exclaimed the Pasha. "Holy Prophet, where was it that you came up again?"

"In the harbour of Port Royal in Jamaica. Your Highness will hardly credit it, but on my honour it is true."

The heat of the sun was so great, that in a very short time the ice that surrounded me was thawed, and I found myself at liberty; but I still floated upon the body of the sea-horse, and the ice which was under the water. The latter soon vanished, and striding the back of the dead animal, although nearly blind by the rays of the sun, and suffocated with the sudden change of climate, I waited patiently to gain the shore, which was not one mile distant; but, before I could arrive there, for the sea breeze had not yet set in, an enormous shark, well known among the English by the name of Port Royal Tom, who had daily rations from government, that by remaining in the harbour he might prevent the sailors from swimming on shore to desert, ranged up alongside of me. I thought it hard that I should have to undergo such new dangers, after having been down the Maelstroom, but there was no help for it. He opened his enormous jaws, and had I not immediately shifted my leg, would have taken it off. As it was, he took such a piece out of my horse, as to render it what the sailors call *lopsided*. Again he attacked it, and continued to take piece after piece off my steed, until I was afraid that he would come to the rider at last, when fortunately a boat full of black people, who were catching flying fish, perceived me and pulled to my assistance. They took me on shore and carried me to the governor, to whom I gave a history of my adventures; but Englishmen suppose that nobody can meet with wondrous adventures except themselves. He called me a liar, and put me in the Clink, and a pirate schooner having been lately taken and the crew executed, I was declared to have been one of them; but, as it was clearly proved that the vessel only contained thirty men, and they had already hung forty-seven, I was permitted to quit the island, which I did in a small vessel bound to America, on condition that I would work my passage.

We had gained to the northward of the Bahama Isles, and were standing to the westward before a light breeze, when early one morning several waterspouts were observed to be forming in various directions. It was my watch below, but as I had never seen one of these curious phenomena of nature, I went on deck to indulge my curiosity.

"Pray what is a waterspout?" inquired the Pasha; "I never heard of one before."

"A waterspout, your Highness, is the ascent of a large body of

water into the clouds—one of those gigantic operations by which nature, apparently without effort, accomplishes her will, pointing out to man the insignificance of his most vaunted undertakings."

"Humph! that's a waterspout, is it?" replied the Pasha; "I'm about as wise as before."

"I will describe it more clearly to your Highness, for there is no one who has a better right to know what a waterspout is, than myself."

A black cloud was over our heads, and we perceived that for some time it was rapidly descending. The main body then remained stationary, and a certain portion of it continued bellying down until it had assumed the form of an enormous jelly-bag. From the end of this bag a thin wiry black tongue of vapour continued to descend until it had arrived half way between the cloud and the sea. The water beneath, then ruffled on its surface, increasing its agitation more and more until it boiled and bubbled like a large cauldron, throwing its foam aside in every direction. In a few minutes a small spiral thread of water was perceived to rise into the air, and meet the tongue which had wooed it from the cloud. When the union had taken place, the thread increased each moment in its size, until it was swelled into a column of water several feet in diameter, which continued to supply the thirsty cloud until it was satiated and could drink no more. It then broke, the sea became smooth as before, and the messenger of heaven flew away upon the wings of the wind, to dispense its burthen over the parched earth in refreshing and fertilizing showers.

While I was standing at the taffrail in admiration of this wonderful resource of nature, the main boom gibed and struck me with such force, that I was thrown into the sea. Another waterspout forming close to the vessel, the captain and crew were alarmed and made all sail to escape without regarding me; for they were aware that if it was to break over them, they would be sent to the bottom with its enormous weight. I had scarcely risen to the surface, when I perceived that the water was in agitation round me, and all my efforts to swim from the spot were unavailing, for I was within the circle of attraction. Thus was I left to my fate, and convinced that I could not swim for many minutes, I swallowed the salt water as fast as I could, that my struggles might sooner be over.

But as the sea boiled up, I found myself gradually drawn more to the centre, and when exactly in it, I was raised in a sitting posture upon the spiral thread of water, which, as I explained to your Highness, forced itself upwards to join the tongue protruded by the cloud. There I sat, each second rising higher and higher, balanced like the gilt ball of pith, which is borne up by the vertical stream of the fountain which plays in the inner court of your Highness's palace. I cast my eyes down, and perceived the vessel not far off, the captain and crew holding up their eyes in amazement at the extraordinary spectacle.

"I don't wonder at that," observed the Pasha.

I soon reached the tongue of the cloud, which appeared as if impatient to receive me—the hair of my head first coming within its attractive powers was raised straight on end—then seized as it were and twisted round. I was dragged up by it each moment with increased velocity, as I whirled round in my ascent. At last I found myself safely landed, and set down to recover my breath which I had nearly lost for ever.

"And, pray, where did you sit, Huckaback?"

"On the cloud, your Highness."

"Holy prophet! What, a cloud bear your weight?"

"If your Highness will call to mind that at the same time the cloud took up several tons of water, you cannot be surprised at its supporting me."

"Very true," replied the Pasha. "This is a very wonderful story, but before you go on, I wish to know what the cloud was made of."

"That is rather difficult to explain to your Highness. I can only compare it to a wet blanket. I found it excessively cold and damp, and caught a rheumatism while I was there, which I feel to this day."

When the cloud was saturated, the column divided, and we rapidly ascended until the cold became intense. We passed a rainbow as we skimmed along, and I was very much surprised to find that the key of my chest and my clasp knife, forced themselves through the cloth of my jacket, and flew with great velocity towards it, fixing themselves firmly to the violet rays, from which I discovered that those peculiar rays were magnetic. I mentioned this curious circumstance to an English lady whom I met on her travels, and I have since learnt that she has communicated the fact to the learned societies as a discovery of her own. However, as she is a very pretty woman, I forgive her. Anxious to look down upon the earth, I poked a hole with my finger through the bottom of the cloud, and was astonished to perceive how rapidly it was spinning round. We had risen so high as to be out of the sphere of its attraction, and in consequence remained stationary. I had been up about six hours, and although I was close to the coast of America when I ascended, I could perceive that the Cape of Good Hope was just heaving in sight. I was enabled to form a very good idea of the structure of the globe, for at that immense height I could see to the very bottom of the Atlantic ocean. Depend upon it, your Highness, if you wish to discover more than other people can, it is necessary to be "up in the clouds."

"Very true," replied the Pasha, "but go on."

"I was very much interested in the chemical process of turning the salt water into fresh, which was going on with great rapidity while I was there. Perhaps your Highness would like me to explain it, as it will not occupy your attention more than an hour."

"No, no, skip that, Huckaback, and go on."

But as soon as I had gratified my curiosity, I began to be alarmed at my situation, not so much on account of the means of supporting existence, for there was more than sufficient.

"More than sufficient! Why, what could you have to eat?"

Plenty of fresh fish, your Highness, which had been taken up in the column of water at the same time I was, and the fresh water already lay in little pools around me. But the cold was dreadful, and I felt that I could not support it many hours longer, and how to get down again was a problem which I could not solve.

It was however soon solved for me, for the cloud having completed its chemical labours, descended as rapidly as it had risen, and joined many others, who were engaged in sharp conflict. As I beheld them darting against each other, and discharging the electric fluid in the violence of their collision, I was filled with trepidation and dismay, lest meeting an adversary, I should be hurled into the abyss below, or be withered by the artillery of heaven. But I was fortunate enough to escape. The cloud

which bore me descended to within a hundred yards of the earth, and then was hurried along by the wind with such velocity and noise, that I perceived we were assisting at a hurricane.

As we neared the earth, the cloud, unable to resist the force of its attraction, was compelled to deliver up its burthen, and down I fell, with such torrents of water, that it reminded me of the deluge. The tornado was now in all its strength. The wind roared and shrieked in its wild fury, and such was its force that I fell in an acute angle.

"What did you fall in?" interrupted the Pasha. "I don't know what that is."

"I fell in a slanting direction, your Highness, describing the hypothenuse between the base and perpendicular, created by the force of the wind, and the attraction of gravitation."

"Holy Prophet! who can understand such stuff? Speak plain, do you laugh at our beards?"

"Min Allah! God forbid! Your servant would indeed eat dirt," replied Huckaback.

I meant to imply, that so powerful was the wind, it almost bore me up, and when I first struck the water, which I did upon the summit of a wave, I bounded off again and *ricochetted* several times from one wave to another, like the shot fired from a gun along the surface of the sea, or the oyster shell skimmed over the lake by the truant child. The last bound that I gave pitched me into the rigging of a small vessel on her beam ends, and I hardly had time to fetch my breath before she turned over. I scrambled up her bends, and fixed myself astride upon her keel.

There I remained for two or three hours, when the hurricane was exhausted from its own violence. The clouds disappeared, the sun burst out in all its splendor, the sea recovered its former tranquillity, and nature seemed as if she was maliciously smiling at her own mischief. The land was close to me, and the vessel drifted on shore. I found that I was at the Isle of France, having in the course of twelve hours thus miraculously shifted my position from one side of the globe unto the other. I found the island in a sad state of devastation; the labour of years had been destroyed in the fury of an hour—the crops were swept away—the houses were levelled to the ground—the vessels in fragments on the beach—all was misery and desolation. I was however kindly received by my countrymen, who were the inhabitants of the isle, and in four-and-twenty hours we all danced and sang as before. I invented a very pretty quadrille, called the Hurricane, which threw the whole island into an ecstacy, and recompensed them for all their sufferings. But I was anxious to return home, and a Dutch vessel proceeding straight to Marseilles, I thought myself fortunate to obtain a passage upon the same terms as those which had enabled me to quit the West Indies. We sailed, but before we had been twenty-four hours at sea, I found that the captain was a violent man, and a most dreadful tyrant. I was not very strong, and not being able to perform the duty before the mast, to which I had not been accustomed, I was beat so unmercifully, that I was debating in my mind, whether I should kill the captain and then jump overboard, or submit to my hard fate; but one night as I lay groaning on the forecastle after a punishment I had received from the captain, which incapacitated me from further duty, an astonishing circumstance occurred which was the occasion, not only of my embracing the Mahomedan religion, but of making use of those expressions which attracted your Highness's attention when you passed in disguise. "Why am I thus ever to be persecuted?" exclaimed I in despair. And as I uttered these words, a venerable personage, in a flow-

ing beard, and a book in his hand, appeared before me, and answered me.

"Because, Huckaback, you have not embraced the true faith."

"What is the true faith?" inquired I, in fear and amazement.

"There is but one God," replied he, "and I am his Prophet."

"Merciful Allah!" exclaimed the Pasha, "why, it must have been Mahomed himself."

"It was so, your Highness, although I knew it not at the time."

"Prove unto me that it is the true faith," said I.

"I will," replied he; "I will turn the heart of the infidel captain," and he disappeared. The next day the captain of the vessel, to my astonishment, came to me as I lay on the forecastle, and begging my pardon for the cruelty that he had been guilty of, shed tears over me, and ordered me to be carried to his cabin. He laid me in his own bed, and watched me as he would a favourite child. In a short time I recovered; after which he would permit me to do no duty, but insisted upon my being his guest, and loaded me with every kindness.

"God is great!" ejaculated the Pasha.

I was lying in my bed, meditating upon these things, when the venerable form again appeared to me.

"Art thou now convinced?"

"I am," replied I.

"Then prove it by submitting to the law the moment that you are able. You shall be rewarded—not at once, but when your faith has been proved. Mark me, follow your profession on the seas, and, when once you find yourself sitting in the Divan at Cairo, with two people originally of the same profession as yourself, without others being present, and have made this secret known, then you shall be appointed to the command of the Pasha's fleet, which under your directions shall always meet with success. Such shall be the reward of your fidelity."

It is now four years that I have embraced the true faith, and sinking under poverty, I was induced to make use of the exclamation that your Highness heard; for how can I ever hope to meet two barbers at the Divan without other people being present?

"Holy Prophet! how strange. Why Mustapha was a barber, and so was I," cried the Pasha.

"God is great!" answered the renegade, prostrating himself. "Then I command your fleet?"

"From this hour," replied the Pasha. "Mustapha, make known my wishes."

"The present in command," replied Mustapha, who was not a dupe to the wily renegade, "is a favourite with the men."

"Then send for him and take off his head. Is he to interfere with the commands of Mahomed?"

The Vizier bowed, and the Pasha quitted the Divan.

The renegade, with a smile upon his lips, and Mustapha with astonishment, looked at each other for a few seconds; "You have a great talent, Selim," observed the Vizier.

"Thanks to your introduction, and to my own invention, it will at last be called into action. Recollect, Vizier, that I am grateful—you understand me;" and the renegade quitted the Divan, leaving Mustapha still in his astonishment.

HAS THE REFORM BILL WORKED WELL?

To this question the Conservatives will answer, No; the majority, however, consisting of other parties, will reply with a triumphant Yes, and express their surprise that we should put the question. Now, we belong to no party, and having put the question, we trust that, in our examination of it, we shall prove that we are without prejudice.

In the great point which was aimed at, that of restoring to the people of England their due share in the representation, we acknowledge that, if it has not done all which could be wished or was anticipated, it certainly has done much—indeed, quite as much as could be expected, when we consider the precipitation with which such an important change was effected. But still there are certain discrepancies to be observed, and certain alterations to be considered, previous to the representation becoming such as it ought to be. The division of the counties, for instance, ought to be re-examined, as in some of them the overwhelming properties and influence of individuals have reduced their portions to a sort of nominee boroughs. If, instead of dividing them as they have been divided—north and south, and east and west—these divisions were respectively altered to east and west, and to north and south, this objection might be removed. We also know that some boroughs (Whig boroughs) are still under the influence of the aristocracy, and moreover, are smaller in population than many towns which consequently have a greater right of representation. But the census of the population, and the division of the counties, have been managed by the party now in power. When the Whigs go out of office, we have no doubt but that all these points will be attended to by the succeeding administration. On the whole, we may safely assert, that in the great object of a true representation, the Reform Bill has "worked well."

We now come to minor but still important considerations. The first shall be, whether the practice of selling boroughs and of bribing the electors has been discontinued. Now, if the practice of selling boroughs has not been discontinued, it proves that some boroughs still remain in the hands of individuals, and are not duly represented. That boroughs are still to be purchased we can prove from our own evidence. Some time previous to the election, we were ourselves offered the choice of three boroughs, two of them at so many thousand pounds, and the other at 1,500*l.* per annum, as long as it pleased us to sit as a representative in the reformed House of Commons. The agent who made the proposal was, as usually is the case, a lawyer. When the proposition was made, we observed that we were afraid that our principles as Reformers would not be suitable to those of the boroughs in question, naturally concluding that they were part of the *old Tory* system. The reply of the legal gentleman rather astonished us. "On the contrary, sir; they are all *Whig* boroughs." We

bowed him out of the room, with the assertion that our principles would not permit us to obtain a seat in the House of Commons by bribery and corruption. The lawyer stared incredulously, and took his departure. On these occasions, if secrecy is not demanded, as it was not in this case, secrecy is implied; we therefore withhold the name of the party, although we pledge our honour to the facts.

The next question is, whether bribery has been practised as heretofore, and in replying to it we are afraid that in this point the Reform Bill will have been found not to have altogether produced the desired effect. It is reported that the election of Mr. Walter, for Berkshire, cost the enormous sum of 50,000*l.* At Liverpool, bribery was notorious; but at Norwich it was disgraceful. *Twenty-five guineas* were given for a *haunch of mutton*, and *fifty guineas* were paid down for a *tallow candle!!* Twenty-five guineas were also offered and accepted for a canary bird and cage. After the money had been paid, the vote of the party was requested, but the knave (or honest man) had unfortunately already promised it to the opposite party. Many other gross instances of bribery during the late elections have also come to our knowledge, but it is fair to state, (as we observed in the case of selling boroughs, that the parties were Whigs,) in most cases of bribery to electors the guilty parties appear to have been the Tories. Yet even on this point, although the Reform Bill has not produced the whole of the effects which were anticipated, still it has done much good. We know for a fact, that at Norwich, with such temptation and bad example before them, many poor weavers, who, on every former election had been in the habit of receiving a sum of money for their votes, when it was offered at this election, nobly refused it. We are proud to offer to the public this most decided proof of a reform in the feelings of many of the electors, whose extreme poverty would have been admitted as a palliation, if it could not have been as an excuse.

Have the expenses of elections been diminished? To a certain degree; but still without money a candidate has little chance of a return. Banners, flags, ribbons, and bands of music, are as much in request as ever, and treating has been as notorious as "the sun at noon day." The successful candidates of most of the newly represented metropolitan and other populous districts have been put to an enormous outlay in what are considered the legitimate expenses of an election, such as placards, printing, district committees, hiring of houses, and coaches to take the electors to the poll. Even the bill of the returning officer is no trifle, when it is considered how many hustings are to be erected, and the number of poll clerks necessary to be retained. We present one to our readers, and we do so, not with the intention of finding fault with it, so much as to prove the truth of our remarks. This is certain, that some of the returned members for the metropolitan districts could have purchased a seat under the *ancien regime* for the price which they have been obliged to expend to be returned for the new reformed House of Commons.

Returning Officer's Bill for Expenses attending the Election for one of the Metropolitan Districts.

Dec. 1832.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
To Cash paid to 51 Poll Clerks as per Account				107	2	0
——— for Printing Placards, Poll Books, Stationery, &c.				57	15	0
Solicitor's account, as per Bill				15	0	10
To Cash, as per Contract for erecting Booths, Barriers, &c.				340	0	0
——— Surveyor for superintending same, in consequence of the Contractor not executing the Works in accordance with the Drawing and Specification prepared by the Returning Officer, and for which no charge is made				10	10	0
For Carriage, Post Boys, and Turnpikes, on Day of Proclamation, going a Circuit of 21 Miles				4	4	0
Mr. Deputy ———, four days at ——— Division	8	8	0			
Do. for Sundries paid by him as per account	3	16	0			
Mr. Deputy ———, four days at ——— District	8	8	0			
Do. for Sundries paid by him as per account	1	17	6			
Mr. Deputy ———, four days at ——— Division	8	8	0			
Do. for Sundries paid by him as per account	2	4	0			
Mr. Deputy ———, four days at ——— District	8	8	0			
Do. for Sundries paid by him as per account	1	12	0			
Mr. Deputy ———, four days at ——— District	8	8	0			
Do. for Sundries paid by him as per account	0	13	0			
Mr. Deputy ———, four days at ——— Division	8	8	0			
Do. for Sundries paid by him as per account	4	4	0			
——— Compensation for Injury done to Shop, and Loss of Trade, and Use of Room in ——— Street	2	2	0			
——— For taking up and relaying Paving in ——— Street	5	8	0			
				72	4	6
For Acts of Parliament for Self and Deputies				4	2	6
For Forms of Appointment, for Deputies and Poll Clerks, and Oaths				1	0	0
For Cards, Sealing Wax, and Lucifers				0	18	6
For Coach Hire, conveying Returning Officer to the various Booths on days of Election				1	6	0
For Gravel supplied by ——— at ———				2	14	0
Moiety of expense repairing Fences on ———, the other portion charged to the County Election				0	10	0
				£617	7	4

Mr. ——— Returning Officer Dr. to ——— High Constable.

Dec. 12, 1832.—To Expenses.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
——— District.						
Mr. ———'s Bill at the ——— Public House*	13	0	5			
Mr. ———'s Bill at the ——— Public House	10	15	8			
				23	16	1
——— District.						
Mr. ———'s Bill at the ——— Public House	1	0	10			
Mr. ———'s Bill at the ——— Public House	1	5	0			
Mr. ———'s Bill at the ——— Public House	8	16	0			
				11	1	10
				£34	17	11

* These expenses were sanctioned by the Election Committees, who ordered refreshments to be supplied to the officers and clerks employed publicly, or by the individual candidates.

	£.	s.	d.
Brought Forward	31	17	11
——— District.			
Mr. ———'s Bill at the —— Public House	8	19	0
——— District.			
Mr. ———'s Bill at the —— Public House	16	5	0
——— District.			
Mr. ———'s Bill at the —— Public House	8	1	9
——— District.			
Mr. ———'s Bill at the —— Public House	9	17	8
	78	1	4
	617	7	4
Total Expense of Hustings .	£695	8	8

Have the riots and tumults which disgraced popular elections been discontinued? With one or two trifling exceptions we reply in the affirmative; and we must here observe, that in this particular the newly represented metropolitan boroughs set a noble example to the country. More orderly, peaceable conduct—more good-humour or fair play,—was never shown than was exhibited by those who had recovered their franchise. We do not intend to give the whole of the credit to the people themselves: the excellent arrangements of the returning officers—the steadiness and activity of the police, added to the circumstance of the polling being carried on at so many different places, greatly contributed to preserve that order to which we have so much pleasure in bearing witness.

We now proceed to a more serious question—How has the extension of the elective franchise operated? On this point we consider that there is room for great improvement. It is, however, principally to the large and populous boroughs, more especially to the manufacturing districts, that we refer. If, as a sample of the populous towns which return members, we take one of the metropolitan districts, we shall at once perceive that the representation is not at present fair or equitable. Thousands of artificers and manufacturers have been denied the privilege of voting, upon the plea of their living in houses for the rates and taxes of which the landlords had compounded. This has been unjust: provided the rates and taxes had been paid, the occupiers were entitled to vote; if they could not produce a receipt for their taxes having been paid in their own names, still the taxes had been indirectly paid by them, the landlord having added the proportion to the rent paid by the occupants. The consequence has been, that in most cases the elective franchise has descended no lower than to the petty tradesmen, a very numerous body; and in many places, now that the artisan has been disfranchised, able to turn the scale of the election.

Now, we do not intend to say that petty tradesmen are not entitled to vote; but this we do assert, that of all classes they are perhaps the least entitled. They are neither producers nor consumers,

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Dec. 1832.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
To Cash paid to 51 Poll Clerks as per Account . .				107	2	0
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——— Surveyor for superintending same, in consequence of the Contractor not executing the Works in accordance with the Drawing and Specification prepared by the Returning Officer, and for which no charge is made .				10	10	0
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Mr. Deputy ———, four days at ——— Division . .	8	8	0			
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For Acts of Parliament for Self and Deputies . . .				4	2	6
For Forms of Appointment, for Deputies and Poll Clerks, and Oaths				1	0	0
For Cards, Sealing Wax, and Lucifers				0	18	6
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Mr. ———'s Bill at the ——— Public House . . .	8	16	0			
				11	1	10
				£34	17	11

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	£.	s.	d.
Brought Forward	34	17	11
——— District.			
Mr. ———'s Bill at the —— Public House	8	19	0
——— District.			
Mr. ———'s Bill at the —— Public House	16	5	0
——— District.			
Mr. ———'s Bill at the —— Public House	8	1	9
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Mr. ———'s Bill at the —— Public House	9	17	8
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Total Expense of Hustings .	£695	8	8

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Now, we do not intend to say that petty tradesmen are not entitled to vote; but this we do assert, that of all classes they are perhaps the least entitled. They are neither producers nor consumers,

but a description of middle men, necessary appendages to society most certainly, but still, of all classes, of the least value, as they may, to a certain extent, be considered as drones, who prey upon the others for subsistence. Their livelihood is wholly extracted from the pockets of the poor; they supply the necessaries of life to the artisan, purchasing their goods from the wholesale or large retail dealer, and increasing the price of their articles to the lower classes who deal with them; in short, they live upon the labour of the producer.

In other points of view, they are not so well qualified to vote as the artisan or manufacturer; they are not so conscious of the true interests of the country, as they are not affected by any alterations, whether advantageous or injurious to the welfare of the country. If the producer is in flourishing condition, and is enabled to earn twelve or fourteen shillings a week, he will expend six shillings of that money with the petty tradesman, to supply his necessities. If, on the contrary, the artisan is in distress, and can obtain but six shillings for his weekly support, still these six shillings must be applied to relieve the necessities of himself and family, and therefore go into the pockets of the petty tradesman. The profits of the latter are therefore the same, whether the true interests of the country are supported or not. This is one reason why reform sinks into radicalism and revolutionary principles, when agitated among this numerous class; and, when it is considered that they have sufficient means of livelihood too secure to feel alarm for the consequences, and sufficient leisure over their pipe and pot, to imbibe a partial and dangerous knowledge of political theories, it is not surprising that the hot-bed of radicalism should be found among this class of society. With the artisans and manufacturers it is different; they, as producers, are conscious of the value of the consumers, and that the interests of the one are blended with the interests of the other. Every measure injurious to our commercial polity affects them, reduces their means of livelihood, and throws them more or less out of employment. They sensibly feel what measures are most advantageous to the country, (for every measure which affects the industry of the poor must be otherwise,) and they will therefore support those measures against all the Utopian theories hatched in the brains of Radicals or Revolutionists. In this instance we therefore assert, that the Reform Bill has not worked well, and future measures must be taken to ensure a fair representation.

The last question which deserves our consideration is—Who are the members returned in the first reformed House of Commons? If we remember rightly, one of the principal arguments brought forward in support of the change in the representation was, that practical men would then be returned as members of parliament. Now, that this may prove to be the case hereafter, when the political excitement of the nation has subsided, we believe and trust; but certainly the present reformed parliament has, in this point, very much deceived us. We do not believe that there are ten practical men returned by the present election. The metropolitan districts, which were expected to have set the example, have, out of sixteen, returned but one who can in any way be considered as a practical man, who is Mr. Clay, for the Tower Hamlets; and, had not the vote by ballot and triennial parlia-

ments been coupled with his other real pretensions, his election would not, in all probability, have been carried. The tests required by the people from the candidates, though great, have been on abstract questions of political economy; it has been all theory, and no practice. At the same time, it is gratifying to observe that the out-and-out Radicals—those who would promise any and every thing—who would have made the House of Commons like a pawnbroker's shop, full of unredeemed pledges—have invariably met with the defeat which they deserved, but did not anticipate. Agitated as has been the public mind, and led away as have been the people of England, from a want of discrimination of their true interests, and mistaking the real path by which they might arrive at that relief which their distresses so loudly demand, they have, in this instance, proved that there is some method in their madness, and, that although they consider a more extended reform to be essential to their wants, that they do not insist upon revolution. This is the most gratifying prospect in the panoramic survey which we have now taken of the question, and we shall therefore conclude by observing, that, although there requires some alteration, not only in the Bill, but also in the feelings of the people, to enable the former to work properly, on the whole, we may safely assert that the *Reform Bill has worked well.*

DIRGE.

She is gone to the land of the blest,
From her prison of sorrow and night;
She hath snatched Immortality's vest,
And mantled her spirit in light!
Eternity's harp in her hands,
The ministering angels have crowned her;
By the throne-blaze of Godhead she stands,
With a halo of glory around her!

She hath grappled and triumphed o'er Death,
And rushed through his caverns of gloom;
She hath drawn the unquenchable breath
That defies e'en the thunders of doom!
She hath stretched forth her gossamer wings
O'er the azure of boundless repose,
And drunk of the nectarine springs
Where the river of Paradise flows.

Then weep not, though thus she hath fled
In the blossom of beauty and prime,
The flower is transplanted, not dead,
The sunshine of Heaven is her clime!
'Twere cruel to pray for her back,
Since her glorified soul is at rest;
Then weep not, but follow her track,
She is gone to the land of the blest!

B. G.

PETER SIMPLE.[1]

We were all delighted when our signal was hoisted to "part company," as we anticipated plenty of prize-money under such an enterprising captain. We steered for the French coast, near to its junction with Spain, the captain having orders to intercept any convoys sent to supply the French army with stores and provisions.

The day after we parted company with the fleet, Mr. Chucks finished his story.

"Where was I, Mr. Simple, when I left off?" said he, as we took a seat upon the long eighteen.

"You had just left the house, after having told them that you were a corregidor, and had kissed the lady's hand."

"Very true. Well, Mr. Simple, I did not call there for two or three days afterwards; I did not like to go too soon, especially as I saw the young lady every day in the Plaza. She would not speak to me, but, to make use of their expression, she 'gave me her eyes,' and sometimes a sweet smile. I recollect I was busy looking at her one day, that I tripped over my sword, and nearly fell on my nose, at which she burst out a laughing."

"Your sword, Mr. Chucks? I thought boatswains never wore swords."

"Mr. Simple, a boatswain is an officer, and is entitled to a sword as well as the captain, although we have been laughed out of it by a set of midshipmen monkeys. I always wore my sword at that time; but now-a-days a boatswain is counted as nobody, unless there is hard work to do, and then it 's Mr. Chucks this, and Mr. Chucks that. But I 'll explain to you how it is, Mr. Simple, that we boatswains have lost so much of consequence and dignity. The first lieutenants are made to do the boatswain's duty now-a-days, and, if they could only wind the call, they might scratch the boatswain's name off half the ships' books in his Majesty's service. But to go on with my yarn. On the fourth day, I called with my handkerchief full of segars for the father, but he was at a festa, as they called it. The old serving-woman would not let me in at first; but I shoved a dollar between her skinny old fingers, and that altered her note. She put her old head out, and looked round to see if there was any body in the street to watch us, and then she let me in and shut the door. I walked into the room, and found myself alone with Seraphina."

"Seraphina!—what a fine name!"

"No name can be too fine for a pretty girl, or a good frigate, Mr. Simple; for my part, I 'm very fond of these hard names. Your Bess, and Poll, and Sue, do very well for the Point, or Castle Rag; but, in my opinion, they degrade a lady. Don't you observe, Mr. Simple, that all our gun-brigs, a sort of vessel that will certainly d—n the inventor to all eternity, have nothing but low common names, such as Pincher, Thrasher, Boxer, Badger, and all that sort,

[1] Continued from p. 52.

which are quite good enough for them; whereas all our dashing saucy frigates have names as long as the main-top bowling, and hard enough to break your jaw—such as Melpomeny, Terpsichory, Arethusy, Bacchanty, fine flourishers as long as their pennants which dip alongside in a calm."

"Very true," replied I; "but do you think, then, it is the same with family names?"

"Most certainly, Mr. Simple. When I was in good society, I rarely fell in with such names as Potts or Bell, or Smith or Hodges; it was always Mr. Fortescue, or Mr. Fitzgerald, or Fitzherbert—seldom bowed, sir, to anything under *three* syllables."

"Then I presume, Mr. Chucks, you are not fond of your own name?"

"There you touch me, Mr. Simple; but it is quite good enough for a boatswain," replied Mr. Chucks, with a sigh. "I certainly did very wrong to impose upon people as I did, but I've been severely punished for it—it has made me discontented and unhappy ever since. Dearly have I paid for my spree; for there's nothing so miserable as to have ideas above your station in life, Mr. Simple. But I must make sail again. I was three hours with Seraphina before her father came home, and during that time I never was quietly at an anchor for above a minute. I was on my knees, vowing and swearing, kissing her feet and kissing her hand, till at last I got to her lips, working my way up as regularly as one who gets in at the hawse-hole and crawls aft to the cabin windows. She was very kind, and she smiled, and sighed, and pushed me off, and squeezed my hand, and was angry—frowning till I was in despair, and then making me happy again with her melting dark eyes beaming kindly, till at last she said that she would try to love me, and asked me whether I would marry her and live in Spain. I replied that I would; and indeed I felt as if I could, only at the time the thought occurred to me where the rhino was to come from, for I could not live, as her father did, upon a paper segar and a piece of melon per day. At all events, as far as words went, it was a settled thing. When her father came home, the old servant told him that I had just at that moment arrived, and that his daughter was in her own room; so she was, for she ran away as soon as she heard her father knock. I made my bow to the old gentleman, and gave him the segars. He was serious at first, but the sight of them put him into good humour, and in a few minutes Donna Seraphina, (they call a lady a Donna in Spain,) came in, saluting me ceremoniously, as if we had not been kissing for the hour together. I did not remain long, as it was getting late, so I took a glass of the old gentleman's sour wine and walked off, with a request from him to call again, the young lady paying me little or no attention during the time that I remained, or at my departure."

"Well, Mr. Chucks," observed I, "it appears to me that she was a very deceitful young person."

"So she was, Mr. Simple; but a man in love can't see, and I'll tell you why. If he wins the lady, he is as much in love with himself as with her, because he is so proud of his conquest. That was my case. If I had had my eyes, I might have seen that she who

could cheat her old father for a mere stranger, would certainly deceive him in his turn. But if love makes a man blind, vanity, Mr. Simple, makes him blinder. In short, I was an ass."

"Never mind, Mr. Chucks, there was a good excuse for it."

"Well, Mr. Simple, I met her again and again, until I was madly in love, and the father appeared to be aware of what was going on, and to have no objection. However, he sent for a priest to talk with me, and I again said that I was a good Catholic. I told him that I was in love with the young lady, and would marry her. The father made no objection on my promising to remain in Spain, for he would not part with his only daughter. And there again I was guilty of deceit, first in making a promise I did not intend to keep, and then in pretending that I was a Catholic. Honesty is the best policy, Mr. Simple, in the long run, you may depend upon it."

"So my father has always told me, and I have believed him," replied I.

"Well, sir, I am ashamed to say that I did worse; for the priest, after the thing was settled, asked me whether I had confessed lately. I knew what he meant, and answered that I had not. He motioned me down on my knees; but, as I could not speak Spanish enough for that, I mumbled, jumbled something or another, half Spanish and half English, and ended with putting four dollars in his hand for *carita*, which means charity. He was satisfied at the end of my confession, whatever he might have been at the beginning, and gave me absolution, although he could not have understood what my crimes were; but four dollars, Mr. Simple, will pay for a deal of crime in that country. And now, sir, comes the winding-up of this business. Seraphina told me that she was going to the opera with some of her relations, and asked me if I would be there; that the captain of the frigate, and all the other officers were going, and that she wished me to go with her. You see, Mr. Simple, although Seraphina's father was so poor, that a mouse would have starved in his house, still he was of good family and connected with those who were much better off. He was a Don himself, and had fourteen or fifteen long names, which I forget now. I refused to go with her, as I knew that the service would not permit a boatswain to sit in an opera box, when the captain and first lieutenant were there. I told her that I had promised to go on board and look after the men while the captain went on shore; thus, as you'll see, Mr. Simple, making myself a man of consequence only to be more mortified in the end. After she had gone to the opera, I was very uncomfortable: I was afraid that the captain would see her, and take a fancy to her. I walked up and down outside until I was so full of love and jealousy, that I determined to go into the pit, and see what she was about. I soon discovered her in a box with some other ladies, and with them were my captain and first lieutenant. The captain, who spoke the language well, was leaning over her, talking and laughing, and she was smiling at what he said. I resolved to leave immediately, lest she should see me and discover that I had told her a falsehood; but they appeared so intimate, that I became so jealous I could not quit the theatre. At last she perceived me, and beckoned her hand; I looked very

angry, and left the theatre cursing like a madman. It appeared that she pointed me out to the captain, and asked him who I was; he told her my real situation on board, and spoke of me with contempt. She asked whether I was not a man of family; at this the captain and first lieutenant both burst out laughing, and said that I was a common sailor who had been promoted to a higher rank for good behaviour—not exactly an officer, and any thing but a gentleman. In short, Mr. Simple, I was *blown upon;* and, although the captain said more than was correct, as I learnt afterwards through the officers, still I deserved it. Determined to know the worst, I remained outside till the opera was over, when I saw her come out, the captain and first lieutenant walking with the party—So that I could not speak with her. I walked to a posada, (that 's an inn,) and drank seven bottles of rosolio to keep myself quiet; then I went on board, and the second lieutenant, who was commanding officer, put me under arrest for being intoxicated. It was a week before I was released; and you can't imagine what I suffered, Mr. Simple. At last I obtained leave to go on shore, and I went to the house to decide my fate. The old woman opened the door, and then calling me a thief, slammed it in my face; as I retreated, Donna Seraphina came to the window, and waving her hand with a contemptuous look, said, 'Go, and God be with you, Mr. Gentleman.' I returned on board in such a rage, that if I could have persuaded the gunner to have given me a ball cartridge, I should have shot myself through the head. What made the matter worse, I was laughed at by every body in the ship, for the captain and first lieutenant had made the story public."

"Well, Mr. Chucks," replied I, "I cannot help being sorry for you, although you certainly deserved to be punished for your dishonesty. Was that the end of the affair?"

"As far as I was concerned, it was, Mr. Simple; but not as respected others. The captain took my place, but without the knowledge of the father. After all, they neither had great reason to rejoice at the exchange."

"How so, Mr. Chucks—what do you mean?"

"Why, Mr. Simple, the captain did not make an honest woman of her, as I would have done; and the father discovered what was going on, and one night the captain was brought on board run through the body. We sailed immediately for Gibraltar, and it was a long while before he got round again; and then he had another misfortune."

"What was that?"

"Why he lost his boatswain, Mr. Simple; for I could not bear the sight of him—and then he lost, (as you must know, not from your own knowledge, but from that of others,) a boatswain who knew his duty."

"Every one says so, Mr. Chucks. I 'm sure that our captain would be very sorry to part with you."

"I trust that every captain has been, with whom I 've sailed, Mr. Simple. But that was not all he lost, Mr. Simple; for the next cruize he lost his masts; and the loss of his masts occasioned the loss of his ship, since which he has never been trusted with another, but is laid on the shelf. Now he never carried away a spar of any con-

sequence during the whole time that I was with him. A mast itself is nothing, Mr. Simple—only a piece of wood—but fit your rigging properly, and then a mast is as strong as a rock. Only ask Mr. Faulkner, and he 'll tell you the same; and I never met an officer who knew better how to support a mast."

"Did you ever hear any more of the young lady?"

"Yes; about a year afterwards, I returned there in another ship. She had been shut up in a convent, and forced to take the veil. Oh, Mr. Simple! if you knew how I loved that girl! I have never been more than polite to a woman since, and shall die a bachelor. You can't think how I was capsized the other day, when I looked at the house; I have hardly touched beef or pork since, and am in debt two quarts of rum more than my allowance. But, Mr. Simple, I have told you this in confidence, and I trust you are too much of a gentleman to repeat it; for I cannot bear quizzing from young midshipmen."

I promised that I would not mention it, and I kept my word; but Mr. Chucks has been dead some years, and I consider that I am freed from the condition. Nobody can quiz him now.

We gained our station off the coast of Perpignan; and as soon as we made the land, we were most provokingly driven off by a severe gale. I am not about to make any remarks about the gale, for one storm is so like to another; but I mention it to account for a conversation which took place, and with which I was very much amused. I was near to the captain when he sent for Mr. Doball, the carpenter, who had been up to examine the maintopsail yard, which had been reported as sprung.

"Well, Mr. Doball," said the captain.

"Sprung, sir, most decidedly; but I think we 'll be able to *mitigate* it."

"Will you be able to secure it for the present, Mr. Doball?" replied the captain, rather sharply.

"We 'll *mitigate* it, sir, in half-an-hour."

"I wish that you would use common phrases when you speak to me, Mr. Doball. I presume, by mitigate, you mean to say that you can secure it. Do you mean so, sir, or do you not?"

"Yes, sir, that is what I mean, most decidedly. I hope no offence, Captain Savage; but I did not intend to displease you by my language."

"Very good, Mr. Doball," replied the captain; "it's the first time that I have spoken to you on the subject, recollect that it will be the last."

"The first time!" replied the carpenter, who could not forget his philosophy; "I beg your pardon, Captain Savage, you found just the same fault with me on this quarter-deck 27,672 years ago, and——"

"If I did, Mr. Doball," interrupted the captain, very angrily, "depend upon it that at the same time I ordered you to go aloft, and attend to your duty, instead of talking nonsense on the quarter-deck: and although, as you say, you and I cannot recollect it, if you did not obey that order instantaneously, I also put you in confinement, and

obliged you to leave the ship as soon as she returned to port. Do you understand me, sir?"

"I rather think, sir," replied the carpenter, humbly touching his hat, and walking to the main rigging, "that no such thing took place, for I went up immediately, as I do now; and," continued the carpenter, who was incurable, as he ascended the rigging, "as I shall again in another 27,672 years."

"That man is incorrigible with his confounded nonsense," observed the captain to the first lieutenant. "Every mast in the ship would go over the side, provided he can get any one to listen to his ridiculous theory."

"He is not a bad carpenter, sir," replied the first lieutenant.

"He is not," rejoined the captain; "but there is a time for all things."

Just at this moment, the boatswain came down the rigging.

"Well, Mr. Chucks, what do you think of the yard? Must we shift it?" inquired the captain.

"At present, Captain Savage," replied the boatswain, "I consider it to be in a state which may be called precarious, and not at all permanent; but, with a little human exertion, four fathom of three inch, and half-a-dozen tenpenny nails, it may last, for all I know, until it is time for it to be sprung again."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Chucks. I know no time when a yard ought to be sprung."

"I did not refer to our time, sir," replied the boatswain, "but to the 27,672 years of Mr. Doball, when——"

"Go forward immediately, sir, and attend to your duty," cried the captain, in a very angry voice; and then he said to the first lieutenant, "I believe the warrant officers are going mad. Who ever heard a boatswain use such language—'precarious and not at all permanent?' His stay in the ship will become so, if he does not mind what he is about."

"He is a very odd character, sir," replied the first lieutenant; "but I have no hesitation in saying, that he is the best boatswain in his majesty's service."

"I believe so too," replied the captain; "but—well, every one has his faults. Mr. Simple, what are you about, sir."

"I was listening to what you said, sir," replied I, touching my hat.

"I admire your candour, sir," replied he, "but advise you to discontinue the practice. Walk over to leeward, sir, and attend to your duty."

When I was on the other side of the deck, I looked round, and saw the captain and first lieutenant both laughing.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PASHA OF EGYPT.

" Sans un petit brise d'amour,
On s'ennuie même a la cour."

The approach to the ancient city of Grand Cairo is enchanting; contrasted with the barren sands of Alexandria, it appears a terrestrial paradise, and the eye of the traveller rests with delight on the broad majestic hills, its verdant fields, and their groves of graceful palms and sycamores.

The city itself is a most miserable place, and although containing a population of three hundred thousand souls, does not possess a single street that in Europe would be deemed worthy of that appellation. Most of the public buildings, and even some mosques of great magnificence are situated in mere lanes, while the dirt and rubbish with which they are encumbered render walking almost impossible. What most surprise the European at Cairo are the singular contrasts it every moment presents to his view, and the opposition in the manners, costumes, garb, and complexion of the inhabitants to every thing similar in his own country.

The pasha resides in the citadel. The new palace that he has constructed is unquestionably the most splendid in the Turkish empire; its internal decorations combine the magnificence of the East with the classical taste of the West—the talents of some of the first *artistes* from both quarters having been employed in its embellishment.

The only objects worth seeing in the vicinity of Cairo, though very different in their nature, are—1st. The ancient sepulchres of the caliphs, which by good judges are considered as the purest specimens of Saracenic architecture; their elegant domes peering above the groves of cypresses, and glittering in the sun, produce a magical effect. 2nd. The shabra, the favourite palace of Mohammed Ali, about three miles from Cairo, on the banks of the Nile. The palace itself is small, but the gardens are vast and magnificent. In the middle of an orange grove is a kiosque, one of the most elegant and fantastic creations that, even in the East, the eye can light on. Ascending by a magnificent flight of marble steps, you enter a beautiful portico; when this portico is past, a beautiful quadrangular colonnade of white marble is discovered, surrounding a piece of water, upon which there are two or three barges, gilded in the most costly manner, and attached by silken cables to the columns. A highly ornamented balustrade surrounds the whole, from which several flights of steps lead down to the water, guarded by statues of crocodiles, of colossal dimensions. Off this colonnade are several splendid apartments, the entrance to which is concealed by purple curtains of silk and gold, that beautifully contrast with the dazzling whiteness of the marble columns.

It is here that the pasha comes to repose from the toils of the

divan, and to recreate among his women. Happy the Circassians who are admitted to the kiosque—it is considered as the highest mark of favour that their haughty master can show them. The pasha takes great delight in rowing them about the piece of water, and, on reaching the middle he upsets the bark, lightly clad in a calico caftan and a juba. He has no difficulty in reaching the colonnade by swimming, where he throws himself on a heap of luxurious cushions spread for his reception, and contemplates the scene with an air of mock gravity, while the black eunuchs are seen precipitating themselves from the balustrade into the water, to rescue the half-drowned Odaliskœ.

How strictly in character with Turkish barbarity is this cruel diversion of the pasha's! Mohammed's virtues, it would appear, are, after all, but merely superficial, for if we only penetrate their polished exterior, we discover a core of unleavened barbarism. Like all his countrymen, he looks upon the loveliest part of the creation as the mere instruments of his brutal pleasures, as inferior beings in the scale of creation, brought into this world to please him by their beauty, and to gratify his caprice.

What a fine subject for a picture in the hands of a skilful painter the above scene would make! The splendid kiosque with its marble colonnade, the black forms of the eunuchs skimming the glassy surface of the wave, to rescue the terrified Circassians, who, in their fright, expose those charms which modesty seeks to conceal; while the haughty pasha is seen on his luxuriant couch, feasting his eyes on their half-naked charms, and enjoying their cries.

The court of Egypt fully realizes the vivid descriptions of oriental grandeur and magnificence that we read of in the eastern tales, and carries back the mind of the spectator to the days of Haroun Alrachid. The Nubian guard, mounted on beautiful white Arabian horses—their splendid dress of scarlet and gold—and their jet black and glossy skins; the crowds of public functionaries and pages in their rich costumes; the pipe bearers, with the gilded appurtenances of their office, present an *ensemble* of oriental and picturesque effect that dazzles the imagination. Mohammed Ali is both costly and magnificent in his habits; he is fond of fine and richly caparisoned horses, and of lofty dromedaries, and he spares no expense to gratify his favourite taste.

The court is never so brilliant as during the feast of the Beiram, when the pasha retires to the shabara, and shuts himself up among his favourite women. At this time, the apartments are brilliantly illuminated, the colonnade filled with the pasha's officers, some reclining, smoking on the rich divans, others conversing and examining their costly arms. At night, when the moon rises, silvering with her rays the glossy surface of the placid water in the centre, you may behold groups of young Turks, in their blood-red shawls, casting an envious and voluptuous eye on the element still warm from the charms of the beautiful Circassians; while the breeze from the Nile wafts the sweetest perfumes, and the air resounds with the delicious strains of Mozart and Rossini, played by the military bands of the pasha. The effect of such a scene is more in character with the

legends of fairy land and romance than with the sober realities of the nineteenth century.

To obtain a clear view of contemporary history is always difficult, but the future historian will unquestionably rank Mohammed Ali as one of the most extraordinary men of his age. He has shown, that in the hand of a skilful politician the most different means may be applied to the same ends. In Egypt, a studied aggregation of every abuse that can tend to desolate and oppress, to break the spirit of a nation, to damp its industry, had for centuries been in full operation. The difficulties he has had to overcome were immense, and his labours have evinced the power of a single mind in overcoming obstacles, when inflexibly applied to the pursuit of a single object.

When we were at Cairo, pioneers were at work constructing a carriage road between that city and Alexandria, and, since our return to England, we understand that a diligence, on the plan of the American stage coaches, has already been sent out, for the purpose of running between the two cities. But the most important feature in the history of Mohammed's career is the labours of two English engineers, who, by boring have discovered water in several places of the desert. The absence of this element in those immense regions has been the greatest barrier to the civilization of Africa, and directly proves how correct were the conjectures of many learned antiquarians, that the ancients were acquainted with the art of procuring this necessary element. Indeed, it would be difficult to account otherwise for the immense and magnificent ruins that strike the eye of the traveller, in various parts where, at the present day, no water exists.

The person of Mohammed Ali is imposing—a dark piercing eye, a clear marble oriental complexion, a long white beard that imparts a patriarchal air to his whole exterior, and a benignant smile. The spectator, while gazing on him, can scarcely imagine that he is looking on a man, who conceals the most profound dissimulation under the guise of frankness, possesses steadiness to pursue his ends, flexibility to vary his means, and the art of colouring his own ambition with the most specious pretences of justice and public utility. But it must be recollected that Mohammed is a Turk, and we ought to measure him by the standard of his own country, ere we too hastily form an erroneous estimate of his character.

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